

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

April 1, 1950

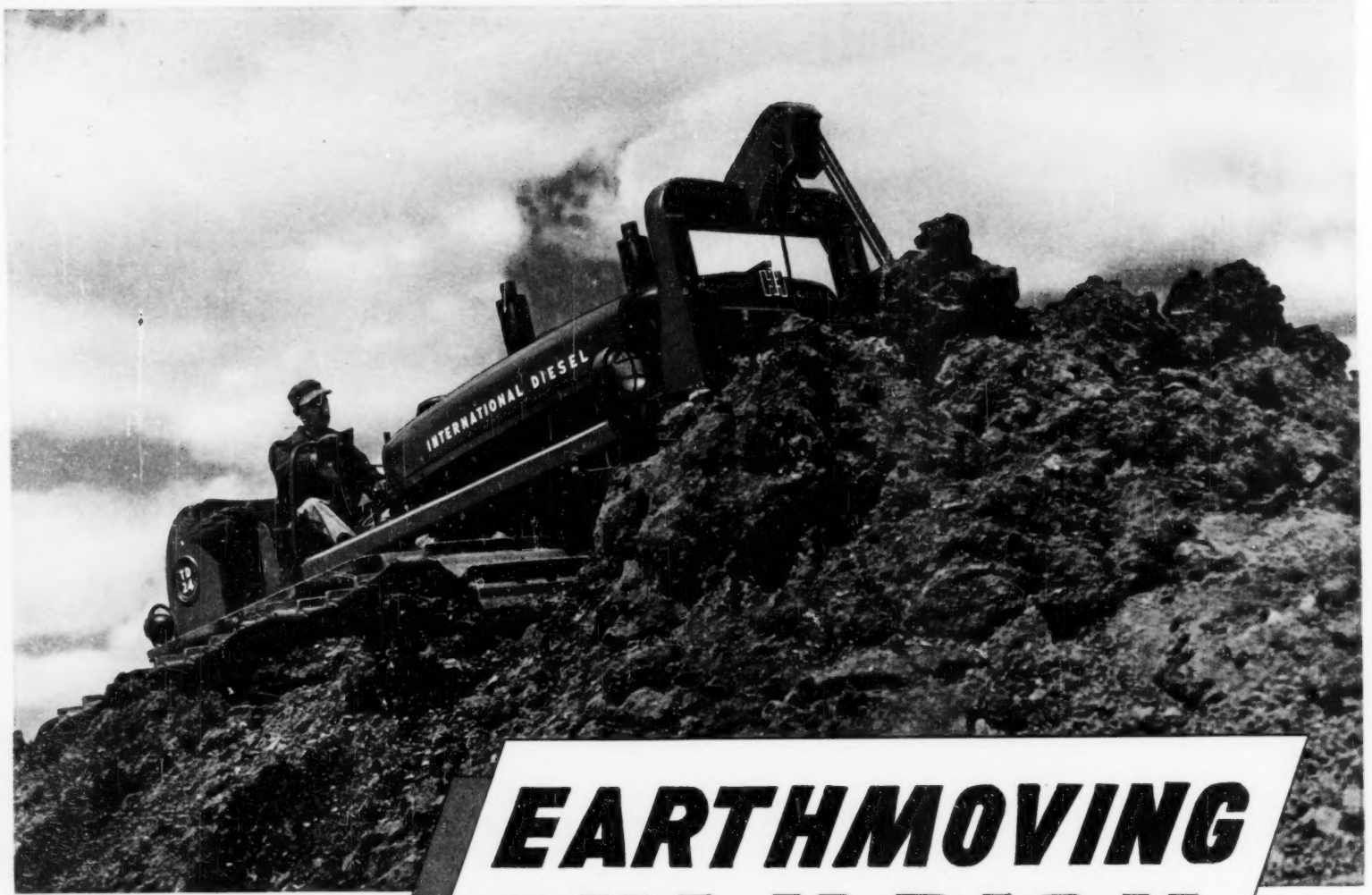
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FICTION CONTEST**

(Details on Page 6)

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EDITORIAL

Too Many Babes in Toyland



KEN DELL

THE MOST maddening thing about this picture is that it doesn't make us as mad as it should.

We looked at it for a long time, telling ourselves that this little scene from a Canadian toyland represents a horror more stark and ultimate than the mushroom of Bikini, the waste of Hiroshima or the neat diagrams showing how to turn large sections of the earth into a flaming sun. The spectacle of two Canadian boys gazing at "A-Bombs 15 cents" with the same rapt innocence with which they might regard "Yo-yos 25 cents" or "First Baseman's Gloves \$1.98" gave us a momentary pain beyond description.

For just an instant we felt a wild impulse to circulate a petition insisting that all toy manufacturers cease making "A-Bombs 15 cents" and that all retail merchants desist from selling them. We were tempted to write a stiff editorial demanding that all children caught playing with "A-Bombs 15 cents" be spanked and put to bed.

But the shock was only momentary, and that's what shocks us most of all. It looks as though the kids have got us adults dead to rights on this one. They're really only following our mature, adult example. In reducing The Bomb to a plaything, they've merely gone a step beyond their elders' desperate feat of reducing it to a shadow.

Who's the more slovenly citizen: Young Stinky Jones playing soldiers with his "A-Bomb 15 cents" or Stinky's father playing ostrich with the real bomb—numbing his mind to the greatest peril in the history of the human

race, persuading himself that the problems implicit in the bomb are just too big for the ordinary Joe to understand and that in any case the remedies, if any, are in the hands of the "politicians"?

We don't think it's too extreme to say that, when they can bring themselves to think about The Bomb, most adults—and we claim no exemption for ourselves from the charge—bend their chief energies toward marshaling reasons for not thinking about it at all.

We're not suggesting that it's the duty of every citizen to go in for an intensive course in nuclear physics. We do suggest it's the duty of everyone—which no amount of helpless wringing of hands will ever void—to take an intelligent and active interest in the hazards and, yes, perhaps the hopes which the harnessing of the atom has thrust upon us.

Let's consider one specific hazard. Recently Canada and the United States tested their Arctic defenses in a joint military exercise which, according to many competent observers, proved those defenses to be inadequate. What has been the public reaction to this vitally serious revelation? It's outside our control, we ordinary Joes tell ourselves. It's up to the politicians. Let them figure out the solution—any solution, just so long as it's foolproof and doesn't cost too much.

The least you can say in defense of a child playing with his "A-Bombs 15 cents" is that he may not know it's loaded. Most grownups know better. Lacking even the excuse of innocence we continue to pile on the guilt of indifference.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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NO! It needn't
go on
forever!



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MADE IN CANADA

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Tarnish on the Sterling Deal

BY THE MAN
WITH A NOTEBOOK



THE PRIME MINISTER got a poor publicity break when he appealed for greater freedom of trade in a speech at New York last month. The New York Times reported Mr. St. Laurent's words on page 1—right below a picture of American Senators indignantly pointing to imported Canadian potatoes. The Herald-Tribune used the same picture on the front page, buried St. Laurent on page 3. The Washington Post also front-paged the potato picture and didn't bother carrying the St. Laurent story at all.

U. S. State Department officials wholly agree with the Prime Minister's sentiments about freer trade but hardly dare endorse them publicly. On Capitol Hill the mood seems to be protectionist. Administration strategists are hoping to get Congress to remove some of the worst features of American tariff procedure this year, and even that will be a terrific fight. To try for any more at this moment, they think, would be foolhardy.

* * *

SNAGS are also developing in the campaign to expand British sales in Canada—the other approach to the dollar problem. Canadian boards of directors are easy to sell on the idea of expanding our sterling imports but engineers are sceptical. They prefer the familiar American product.

One earnest missionary for the

Dollar Sterling Trade Board ran into this problem in his own company. He needed some new machinery that Britain can supply and he

agreed at once to buy it there. Then he ran into such heated opposition from his own technical men that even the boss had to give way. He reported, somewhat shamefacedly, that he'd compromise by buying half the new gear in Britain, the other half from the old and trusted American supplier.

Another case in point is the CBC's recent purchase of television equipment. Two transmitters have been ordered from the Canadian affiliate of an American firm. British companies were not asked to tender. To the British this looked like rank hypocrisy—the Canadian Government piously appealing for more sterling imports while a crown corporation insists on buying American.

Year before last, the head of a big U. K. company came out to Canada and talked to CBC people; he went home under the impression that he had the Canadian television market sewn up. British TV is quite different in design from North American, but the British say they can make TV equipment to anybody's specifications. One company, which already has a branch plant in Canada, recently sent a mobile television unit to the United States and sold it immediately. Why, ask the British, won't the CBC take a chance on buying British too?

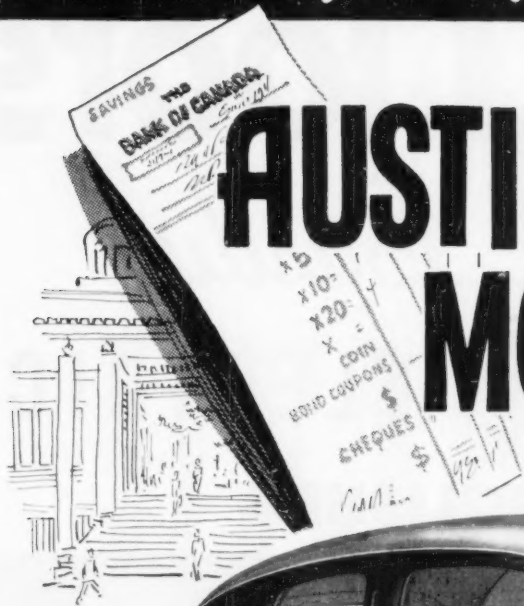
CBC's answer is, "Show us." American firms could produce, for inspection, precisely the kind of

Continued on page 53



To the British this looks like rank hypocrisy.

Like putting money in the bank...



AUSTIN SAVES **3** ON MOTORING COSTS!



The Austin A40 Devon, illustrated here, comes completely equipped.

**THERE IS NOTHING
EXTRA TO BUY**

the sensational new Austin A40 Devon—the car that lets you drive one mile free in every three—up to 40 miles to the gallon of gas. Yet, notwithstanding, Austin gives you all the beauty, performance and long car-

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FOR
CANADIANS

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BRUSHES ARE FLAT
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You just guide...it does all the work—

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MACLEAN'S

I SURVIVED A HEART ATTACK

In a second of agony this young man was flung by coronary thrombosis from health to a hell of pain. Here he tells his own story of how he found courage to make a new life

By FRED J. GLOVER



GLOVER: A creaking door hangs longest.

I AM a member of that fortunate group who has suffered a severe attack of coronary thrombosis and lived to tell about it. For the pressure of modern competitive life has made heart disease the nation's No. 1 killer — greater now than tuberculosis.

From a medical aspect my story is the familiar tale of crushing, agonizing pain across the chest, down the left arm; the terrifying brightness of light; a sensation of time standing still while I drowned in a sea of agony set in an unreal world.

But it is also the story of a man struck down with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, changed from an apparently healthy being into a state of total disability, more dead than alive.

Though medical science did everything possible for me, mine was a solitary desperate fight to live. I swore I would live one day to write this story; it was part of my own mental therapy. Here it is:

In May 1941, when I was 38, I was a buck private in Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. It was Monday morning after breakfast. The whole barracks was engaged with the final details of dress before parade. I was sitting on

my bunk smoking a cigarette, adjusting my puttees. I had finished winding one, and, with the second in my hand, leaned forward to begin winding it in place. Then it happened.

I was seized in the grip of a giant vise whose inexorable constriction was squeezing the life from me. I felt as though a trained elephant had slipped to his knees on my chest, allowing his full weight; pound by pound, to settle on me, crushing me to death. A wave of sheer, exquisite agony swept me into a sea of torture, more than I could endure and yet live. I made a desperate effort to wind the remaining puttee, but the attempt only added to my pain and I was forced to stop.

As the sick or wounded animal crawls away to some hidden spot far from others of his kind, I got to my feet and went to the bathroom where I locked myself in. I realize now this was very foolish, but I was governed by instinct rather than common sense—my desire was to hide before someone became aware of my desperate situation.

After a while the pain eased enough to allow me to breathe more freely. I had no knowledge of how long I had been in the bathroom; I had a watch in my pocket but I had not thought of looking at it. I knew I still wore only one puttee so I started back to my bunk again where I began the task of winding the other one. This little job had assumed the proportions of climbing the first 10,000 feet of Mount Everest. Round and round,

higher and higher, slowly, and at an expenditure of physical effort that taxed me to the uttermost, I wound that few feet of cloth—it seemed as long as the largest roll of newsprint ever made.

Then I was seized with a second attack.

My belief during the first paroxysm, of reaching the limit of endurance, was rudely shattered. The severity of the second told me I had to have a doctor's help and quickly. I was bathed in sweat. I afterward learned I had the appearance of having been pushed into a tub of water.

The medical officer of the unit had a reputation for being a hard man. I suppose that, in a garrison of several thousand men, with irksome parades part of the daily routine, men tried to use minor ailments as an excuse to avoid duties. But after walking very slowly and painfully to the medical office I was able to make the M.O.'s orderly understand how seriously ill I was. The doctor wasn't there at the moment.

I remember hoping he would allow me to rest a day or two in the sick bay, a ward by the doctor's office, staffed by orderlies where moderately ill cases were treated. Some inner voice warned me I was gravely ill but my heart was the last thing I suspected. I was worried that I had reported sick without first notifying my company orderly sergeant and having my name placed on the morning sick report, being properly paraded before the M.O. complete

Continued on page 34

\$1,000 for a STORY

By You and Somerset Maugham



W. Somerset Maugham

THE editors of Maclean's take pleasure in announcing a new and unusual short story contest open to Canadian writers. One grand prize of \$1,000 will be awarded for the best short story based on a plot (see next page) from the notebooks of the famed novelist and master short story writer, W. Somerset Maugham.

Maugham was quick to give his permission for use of this plot that is part of the literary legacy contained in his recently published journal, "A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK" (Doubleday, Doran). When it was explained to him that

these Maclean's fiction contests are designed to encourage and assist Canadian writers he wrote from his home in the south of France that Maclean's might "use my little story as you wish to."

Here's how the contest works. Writers are invited to take this provocative but unresolved plot of Maugham's and work it out in terms of a short story. Stories can be up to 5,000 words in length and as short as 1,500 words. They will not be judged on length but on their literary merit and the dramatic power with which the Maugham story idea is developed. Closing date is September 1, 1950.

This contest should not be regarded merely as a literary puzzle. Contestants are asked to write a complete, full-fashioned short story starting with the elements provided by Somerset Maugham.

These elements (the two men, the letter bought and paid for) cannot be changed but you can provide your own background—switching the story to Canada if you wish—provide names for the two men and add as many other characters as you care to, use any style or vernacular that appeals to you. You can start your story with the situation Maugham describes, put it in the middle, or use it as your climax, in your own words, of course. As long as you build your story on the basic situation described by Maugham you've got a free hand.

Your contribution to the plot development may be a long reflective flashback or a trick ending with a surprise twist. Or it may be simple and starkly dramatic. How you handle this basic plot—and how you handle the people whose actions make the plot—will be important, but in the final analysis the story is the thing. It is on the total effect of plot ingenuity and writing combined that the \$1,000 prize will be awarded.

The Rules

Competitors must be Canadians living in Canada.

The submissions completing W. Somerset Maugham's story must be original. They must be finished works of fiction—not simply answers to a puzzle.

Completed stories should be not longer than 5,000 words. More than one story may be entered.

Manuscripts should be typewritten double spaced on one side of the paper.

Maclean's will pay the author of the winning story \$1,000 and will receive first publication rights to the story.

The manuscript itself must be signed by a *nom de plume*. For identification purposes contestants must write their pen name and their own name and address on a separate piece of paper and enclose it in a sealed envelope bearing the pen name only on the outside. The envelope should then be attached to the manuscript.

Closing date for this contest is Friday, Sept. 1, 1950, at 5 p.m. Manuscripts must be delivered to Maclean's Magazine by that time.

The editors of Maclean's will be the judges. They cannot enter into correspondence regarding this contest.

Do NOT enclose return postage. Unsuccessful manuscripts will NOT be returned. The editors suggest that entrants take a carbon copy of their stories for their own files.

No members of the staff of Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited or their relatives are eligible to compete.

Manuscripts must be mailed flat to:

Maclean's Short Story Contest,
Maclean's Magazine,
481 University Avenue,
Toronto 2, Ontario.

**Maclean's Magazine Announces a Prize of \$1,000
In an Unusual Fiction Contest for Canadians.
Maugham Supplies the Plot — You Write the Story**

Here's Somerset Maugham's Plot — Now the Rest Is Up to You

A WEEK or two ago someone related an incident to me with the suggestion that I should write a story on it, and since then I have been thinking it over. I don't see what to do. The incident is as follows:

Two young fellows were working on a tea plantation in the hills and the mail had to be fetched from a good way off so that they only got it at rather long intervals. One of the young fellows, let us call him A., used to get a lot of letters by every mail, 10 or 12 and sometimes more, but the other, B., never got one. He used to watch A. enviously as he took his bundle and started to read. He hankered to have a letter, just one letter; and one day, when they were expecting the mail, he said to A.: "Look here, you always have a packet of letters and I never get any. I'll give you five pounds if you'll let me have one of yours."

"Right ho," said A. and when the mail came in he handed B. his letters and said to him: "Take whichever you like." B. gave him a five-pound note, looked over the letters, chose one and returned the rest.

In the evening, when they were having a whisky and soda after dinner, A. asked casually: "By the way, what was that letter about?"

"I'm not going to tell you," said B.

A., somewhat taken aback, said: "Well, who was it from?"

"That's my business," answered B.

They had a bit of an argument, but B. stood on his rights and refused to say anything about the letter that he had bought.

A. began to fret, and as the weeks went by he did all he could to persuade B. to let him see the letter. B. continued to refuse.

At length A., anxious, worried, curious, felt he couldn't bear it any longer, so he went to B. and said: "Look here, here's your five pounds, let me have my letter back again."

"Not on your life," said B. "I bought and paid for it, it's my letter and I'm not going to give it up."

That's all. I suppose if I belonged to the modern school of story writers, I should write it just as it is and leave it. It goes against the grain with me. I want a story to have form, and I don't see how you can give it that unless you can bring it to a conclusion that leaves no legitimate room for questioning. But even if you could bring yourself to leave the reader up in the air you don't want to leave yourself up in the air with him.

—From "A Writer's Notebook" by W. Somerset Maugham.



LONDON LETTER

HOW LONG CAN LABOR HANG ON?



Churchill's lieutenants of the "Shadow Cabinet" masterminded the Tories' election upswing, now hold a trump hand in British politics. Standing (left to right): Harold Macmillan, Capt. Harry Crookshank, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. Sitting: Lord Salisbury, Lord Woolton, Anthony Eden and R. A. Butler.

The Tories can wreck Attlee's new Government any time they like, Baxter believes, but they're not likely to attack before October. Until then there'll be an undercover coalition at Westminster

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

LONDON, Feb. 27 (By Cable)—In a few minutes I shall be going down to Westminster to sign on for the new Parliament. We shall swear to be true to King George VI, his heirs and successors. Our salaries will begin from that moment and when Parliament opens next week we shall be allowed to take our seats.

This signing on is absurdly like going back to school for a new term. There are the fifth form swells like Churchill, Attlee, Cripps and Eden wandering about exchanging greetings with their friends and with each other, while the new boys gaze awestruck and have to remind themselves that by the grace of the electorate they are now part of the team.

Yet this Parliament, though it will open like any other, is so unpredictable that even those of us who normally rush in to prophesy where experts fear to speak are willing to listen to anyone's opinion. Is our life to be six months, a year, or more?

At the moment the very thought of another election is like being rolled on by an elephant. There comes a moment in fatigue when nothing matters and you just go on like an automaton. In boxing it is known as being "punch drunk," when no matter how hard you are hit you cannot feel it. Many of us, Socialists, Liberals and Tories alike, were in that condition in the early hours of Friday morning while the ballots were being counted.

In the Conservative Party our parliamentary numbers were so few compared with the enemy that those of us who were M.P.'s at dissolution not only had to fight in our divisions but were hurled around the country to speak for candidates running for the first time. Mass meetings, market squares, street corners, huge halls and little halls—with a panting motor car waiting to rush us to the next place. On one day I made six speeches, which is an awful lot of speeches. But, quite rightly, Lord Woolton was merciless. As chairman of the Conservative Party Organization he asked us to give every ounce of effort and we did.

Came voting day, the speeches and the traveling

were over. Now we were to read the secret that lay hidden behind those silent windows of the cottages and homes of Britain. So all day long the candidate visits his committee rooms, encouraging his workers, shaking hands, smiling with confidence while wondering what the dickens is going to happen, rushing to the next committee room while a loudspeaker in the car ahead booms—

Vote Conservative

Vote for Snooks

Socialism has failed

Vote for Snooks

Here is Henry Snooks in the car behind, give him a wave

Socialism has failed

Don't waste your vote on the Liberal, the Liberals cannot form a government

Vote Conservative

Vote for Henry Snooks.

For a while, to give my announcer a rest, I took his place and found myself booming with complete detachment

Vote for Baxter
as if the candidate

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Foster Hewitt, Play-By-Playboy

By TRENT FRAYNE

THERE aren't many sports columnists in Canada who haven't observed at one time or another that there are two hockey games in Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto of a Saturday night: the one on the ice and the one on the air.

The observation seldom is meant as a compliment to Foster Hewitt, who is fairly generally regarded as the most entertaining play-by-play announcer of them all, but it is, nevertheless, a backhanded tribute to his artistry with a microphone. Bad game or good, Hewitt's method of describing what he sees spellbinds an audience estimated by surveys conducted by his sponsor, the Imperial Oil Company, at 5 million people in the United States and Canada. He has been doing it since 1931 and he will be doing it during the next couple of weeks as the annual Stanley Cup play-offs unwind.

Essentially, the charge is true. Because it's true Hewitt has become the best-known hockey announcer in the world. Everything he says about a hockey game is accurate but it's what he doesn't tell that sets him apart. He has the talent of eliminating the meaningless scrambles beneath his gondola and he gives

Continued on page 38

**Come up into the gondola with the man who
watches hockey for five million listeners.
In 20 years he's never missed a broadcast
— not even the day he woke up speechless**

KEN BELL





He had his choice — turn back to the palm-fringed coast with its
plunder and pestilence, or risk tropic reefs and the ignomy
of mutiny to save the lives of a ship, a girl, and a crew

Caribbean Mutiny



He came rushing in, swinging with wild strength, blindly, furiously.

By WILLIS LINDQUIST

THE SHOCK of it came after three days in the mountains and steaming coastal savannahs of Haiti. It came when Lee Barnshaw returned to his ship in the estuary under cover of darkness, expecting a hero's welcome.

The cold reception made no sense at all. He had accomplished what he set out to do. He had rescued Captain Clayton's close friends, the plantation owner Jessup and the Jessup girl, from certain death. It was for this very purpose the armed merchantman Glenard had nosed into the estuary of Jacmeaux seven days ago. Napoleon's armed might had struck at the island and the black freemen of Haiti had risen against all whites, killing, plundering, burning plantations in a frenzy of mass hysteria.

He sat rigidly now on the edge of his bunk, twitching with pain as Collins daubed at his festering scratches with Stockholm tar.

"Hold still," Collins grumbled.

For a man whose tongue was usually as free as a topmast pennant, the squat gunnery officer had very little to say, Barnshaw thought, and he took that as an indication that his blunder, whatever it was, had been a serious one.

"Well," Barnshaw demanded at last, "what have I done now? I brought in the Jessups, didn't I?"

Collins' watery grey eyes flicked up at him. He dipped his rag in the bucket of tar. "Aye, that you did. And you broke Captain Clayton's strict orders not to leave the ship."

"What orders could be more important than the lives of two people?"

"Especially," said Collins with faint irony, "when one of them happens to be as pretty a lass as Yvonne Jessup."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You went off to save her, they're saying," muttered Collins, running a line of tar across Barnshaw's chest. "Some say you was in love with her last trip when you went up to Jessup's plantation."

Barnshaw cursed. It was the kind of talk the ship's company would find it easy to believe. They saw him still as the wild and irresponsible second mate who couldn't so much as stand a watch without the captain being on deck too, keeping an eye on him. He couldn't change. They wouldn't let him. Even his good intentions had to be twisted and distorted until they counted for nothing.

"Sounds like something Mate Hanlon thought up," he said bitterly.

When Mate Masterson's health had failed two months ago, Barnshaw had expected promotion as a matter of course. But Hanlon, a fleshy-faced stranger, had been hired as mate on an hour's notice.

"All right, I'm jealous of Hanlon," Barnshaw said between his teeth. "I'm no good. You know it. Everybody knows it. I got to be second mate by accident because the second was killed in an action against the French privateers and I happened to be lucky enough to save the captain's life. But

understand this, Collins; it wasn't the Jessup girl that made me slip ashore that night."

"You don't know what you done," Collins went on evenly, wiping his hands on his canvas pantaloons. "You can pick all the fights you want in them water-front saloons. You can stand on top the mainmast again on one foot to satisfy your silly bets, or dive after another shark with a knife in your teeth. Risk that fool neck of yours much as you like." He came forward grimly and shook a hard fist in Barnshaw's face. "But when you risk your ship and the life of every man on it, I'm having my say."

Barnshaw felt a tightening in his stomach. "How could I do that?"

"There was good reason for them orders. Captain Clayton figured to sail next day before the Frenchies could come and sew us up. You kept us waiting three days. And now, Mister Barnshaw, it's too late."

"We're blockaded?" Barnshaw asked weakly.

Collins nodded. "This morning. The masthead lookout saw the Frenchie sneaking in behind the cape. They're waiting to grab us if we make a run for it."

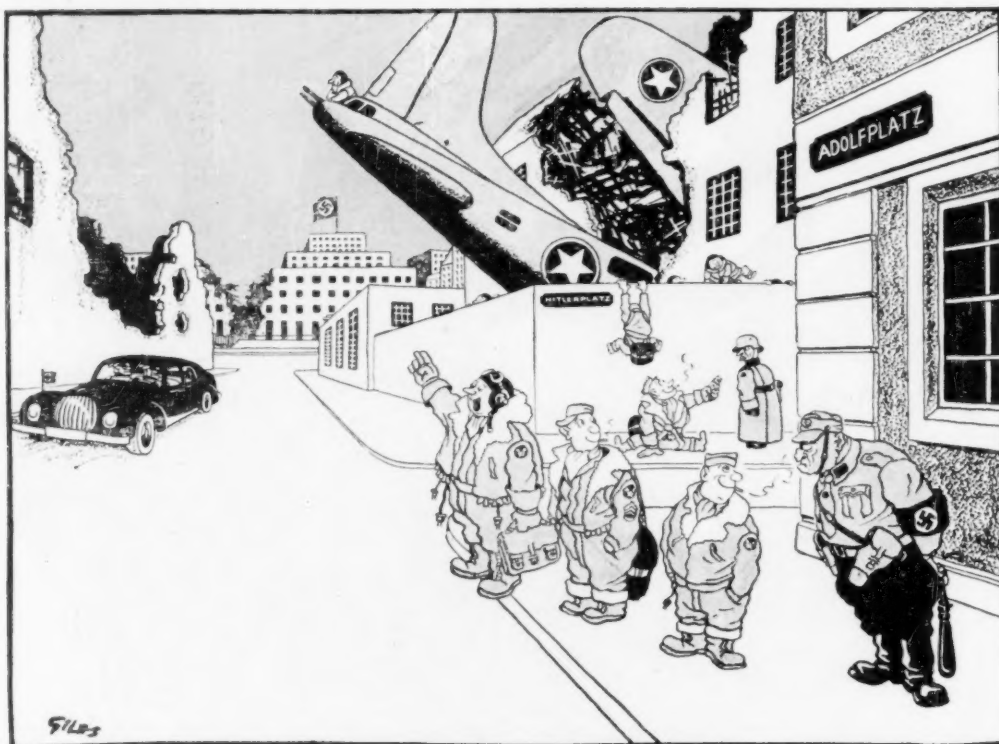
Slowly Barnshaw began to realize what his disobedience had cost them. They were trapped in the estuary, and with 30-odd refugees aboard from nearby plantations, the food and water supply would soon give out. Hostile blacks would cut them down if they went ashore, and the French would capture them or blast them to bits if they put out to sea.

But Barnshaw remembered Captain Clayton's habit of doing the impossible, and he said warmly, "No Frenchman was

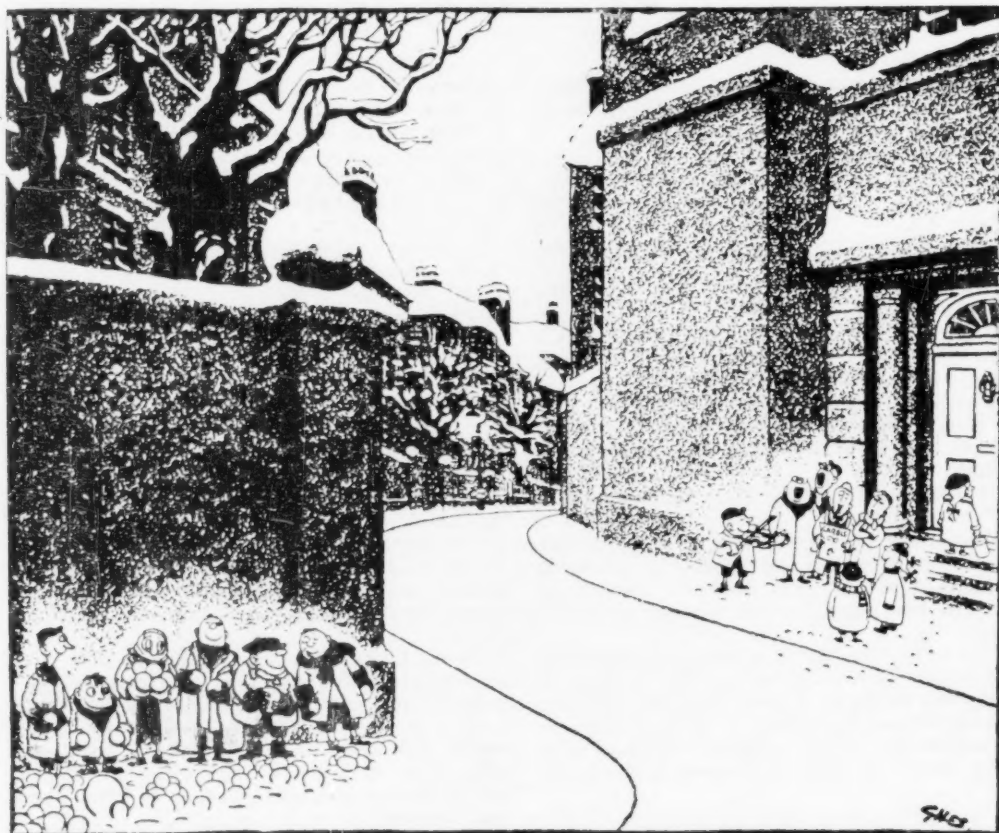
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ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

This Cockney Hogarth, Britain's most popular cartoonist, looks with wit and tenderness through one blue eye on a world full of people who frequently act as though they had been drawn by



"Taxi"



"Wait till they get to the bit about peace on earth and mercy mild—then let 'em have it."

GILES

By JAMES DUGAN

HAD a parched wayfarer chanced to stop at the Fountain tavern in the tiny village of Tuddenham, Suffolk, England, at one time during the late war he would have witnessed a scene to convince him that he had stumbled on a congress of trolls and heard the horns of elfland blowing. Under the low plaster-and-beam ceiling, wreathed in tobacco clouds, sat a 16-piece hot jazz band, largely composed of U. S. Negro engineering troops in dusty olive drab. The double-bass player was seven feet tall and had to bend himself and his instrument to clear the ceiling. The leader was a black man in evening clothes and a shattered opera hat. The piano player was a thin pink man with a moldy tweed hat slanting off his yellow poll and a quarter-inch cigarette depending from his leering mouth. The band played "Big Fat Mama With the Meat Shakin' on Her Bones." An episode of such ethnic irrelevance had not been seen in sleepy Suffolk since Thorkell the Pirate arrived in 1016.

It was the Giles Jazz Band, named after the pianist, Carl Ronald Giles, known to 40 million Britons as "Giles." The band was a wartime hobby of his, occasioned by the presence of the Americans, who were building a bomber base nearby. When the pub closed he went home and began to think up a cartoon; for Giles is the most popular cartoonist in Britain. He has been called the Cockney Hogarth. After the original 100,000 impressions of his first book of cartoons sold out in 24 hours in 1945, the Times of London called him, "a potential originator of opinion rather than its mirror," and added that he was "a wielder of scorpions."

Giles is the editorial-page cartoonist of the 4-million-circulation London Daily Express, and of the Sunday Express, with 2,500,000 paid circulation. He is not exactly a political caricaturist, or a gag cartoonist, or a comic-strip artist, although his drawings have elements of all. He is a direct descendant of the classic 18th-century English cartoonists, Hogarth, Rowlandson and Gillray.

Giles draws with pen, brush and crayon in a four-column rectangle. His subject matter is English Life Today, "seen from the druidic point of view," as an essayist has put it. He draws the common frustrations—rationing, erratic railways, bureaucratic snooping, horrid weather, the tyranny of holidays, perfidious foreign policy, and peril by children. His cartoon figures act against land-and-city scapes drawn as lovingly in detail as the backgrounds of Currier and Ives.

While Britain laughs and foreigners relish Giles' panorama of his time, some people regard Giles as a misanthrope. Dr. Marie Stopes, the well-

known birth-control writer, canceled her subscription to the Express in a note alleging that Giles' cartoons "degrade humanity and are very seldom funny, and their injurious effect is corrosive." Giles replied with a rear-view caricature of himself juggling ten babies. "Very well, Marie," said the caption, "if you're not going to take the Express any more because of my cartoons, I'm not going to read any more of your little books."

The cartoonist is a wiry fellow of 34 with crisp sandy hair cut in the popular farmer fashion of the fourpenny all-off. Two years ago in a U. S. visa application, under Color of Eyes, he crossed out the "s" in eyes and wrote Blue. He lost the sight of his right eye and the corresponding eardrum in a motorcycle crash in his teens. Like James Thurber and the late F. B. Oppen, two other one-eyed cartoonists, Giles sees larger through his single window than most people do with two.

I met Giles in 1942 in a printer's tavern on Gray's Inn Road in London. I had been excited by several Giles cartoons about G. I.'s. He had a scene in the courtyard of the Tower of London, for instance, showing some marvelously observed G. I.'s, uniformed in their prodigal wardrobe (every button and zipper was right), photographing a Tower Guard. The bearded functionary was saying, "Beef-eater? Oy eats Spam just like everybody else."

Giles has a keen eye for fraud and fustian, bombast and big talk. In his own circle of friends, which includes farmers, a haberdasher, poachers, a television mechanic, an Ipswich foundryman named Archibald Smy, a girl who collects coppers in London County Council pay toilets, grooms, and Lord Beaverbrook, Giles looks for the stuffing sticking out of the shirt. I am fat. Last year Giles laughed at me playing croquet in shorts in his garden, as loud as he laughs at his own cartoons. Giles gives his friends the eerie feeling that they have escaped from his ink bottle. The boundary between our real world and his one-eyed caricature is vague. When he shows you his drawings in his tower studio at Hillbrow Farm, he guffaws at the funny people as innocently as if you were standing with him at a window watching the human comedy passing by.

He is probably the only man who sincerely mourned the death of Benito Mussolini. For years Il Duce was a regular actor in Giles' farces. Mussolini was promoted to star burlesque comedian in 1943 when he reversed his March on Rome and high-tailed it north to Hitler's loving arms. Giles drew Benito as an unemployed imbecile come to live on Adolf. Mussolini got out of his crib beside *Der Führer's* four-poster bed on May 4, 1944, let the bright sunlight in, and announced, "What a beautiful morning! It wouldn't surprise me if you get your invasion today." When the Duce was hung upside down outside the gas station Giles remarked, "I was sorry to see

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The Squire of Tuddenham really likes children but he tries to hide this with his pen. A former poacher, he also plays a hot piano, and welds (below). He looks for the stuffing in every shirt.



"Come on, Clem, we can't wait all day!"



KEYSTONE PHOTOS



Styles haven't changed in a century for carefree Old Mennonite children. When the girls reach 21 they get a new dress and a made-over bonnet.

How to Live Without Wars and Wedding Rings

By EDNA STAEBLER

Obeying the Lord's word as they read it, 2000 Old Order Mennonites live without cars or radios, permanents or pianos, on farms near Kitchener, Ont. They won't go to war and they won't take pensions

NOT LONG ago I stayed for a few days with the family of Grossdoddy Martin, in the field-stone house which his grandfather built in Waterloo County, Ont., in the days when the Mennonites came up from Pennsylvania to break new ground in Upper Canada. The house and the family are among the oldest in Canada—150 years have passed fruitfully and peacefully, leaving few marks on either.

Grossdoddy Martin and his family belong to the splinter sect of Old Order Mennonites, who still live in Western Ontario on the farms their families first cleared from the forest. Their ways often seem peculiar to outsiders. They shun everything worldly, everything fashionable, but they don't mind a swig of cider. They use electricity and tractors, but will not buy cars or radios. They won't pose for pictures (the ones on these pages are candid shots). They don't have telephones or musical instruments. They refuse old-age pensions and family allowances. They won't go to court or to war and Canadian law has been amended to exempt them permanently. They speak Pennsylvania Dutch. They won't buy insurance or stocks. They don't have wedding rings or jewelry. They look content.

They have changed very little from the ways of their forefathers of 250 years ago who crossed the Atlantic to escape religious persecution. This odyssey took them first to the United States and then, after the revolutionary war, to Canada.

Although there are 110,000 Mennonites of various sects all the way from Ontario to B. C. there are only 2,000 members of the Old Order. They still cling to their ancestors' farms near Waterloo and Kitchener and their five uniform churches are on their own farmlands within a 15-mile area.

Grossdaddy Martin's home, like most Old Mennonite farm homes, sprawls. The main house is broad with a gabled roof, the plastered wall under the porch is sky-blue. Adjoining is the Doddy House, a small addition to which the generations of old folks have retired when their sons took over the farm. Behind the kitchen is the frame summer kitchen; behind it the wash-house, the woodshed and the privy. Prosperity smiles on the home from the great painted barn.

"You don't want to make fun of us?" the Martins were anxious when I asked if I might live with them for a few days to learn and write about them. Though humble and trustful the Martins were always alert.

We used our Christian names. They were natural and pleasant, and answered my questions thoughtfully, trustfully, generously, and asked me as many in return—only Grossdaddy, listening with a gentle smile, took no part.

Floors of Pumpkin Yellow

I WANTED them to speak in their dialect, an unwritten mixture of Swiss-German and English, but they didn't think it would be polite since I couldn't understand all the words. They asked me to correct their English, which was often amusing.

"We're shy to talk English in front of strangers because we don't say our letters always right. Like for Jesus, we say 'Cheesus'; we know it's wrong but we forget. Amongst ourselves we always talk German—it's easier; and if we don't our own people think we're putting on style."

There was little in the house that was not useful except, in the spare room, two bouquets of paper roses that the parents had given the daughters for Christmas, and calendars that had long outlived their dates.

All the walls were whitewashed, the woodwork bright blue. There were seven bedrooms with pumpkin-yellow floors. The tiny parlor had a huge corner cupboard and wooden chairs set side by side against the pictureless walls. The kitchen was the living room, the black stove was always warm, there was comfort in the couch and the rocker in the corner. There were no curtains but tins

COLOR PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

of geraniums bloomed on the window sills.

"Make the light on," Hannah, the mother, directed after supper on the day I arrived, and the family gathered round the big square kitchen table. David, the father, worked on his income-tax papers; Salema, 16, was absorbed by a romantic novel; the twins, Levi and Levina, smiled at me over their schoolbooks; Hannah placidly turned the pages of the Family Herald; Grossdaddy sat in the shadows near the passage to the Doddy House.

"I was glad to quit school and earn money when I was 11 but often now I wish I went longer." David frowned at his papers. "If a person went to college his mind would mature in more of a hurry, I guess."

"The teacher wanted Salema to go," Hannah told me. "She finished school already when she was 13, but Mannassah Brubacher's wife needed help chust then, so she went there to work. People hate us for our different ways and if she was in town she would have to change her clothes or act like a turtle for shame, then she couldn't belong to us no more."

Salema looked up. "I'd like to learn but I wouldn't want to stay from home," she said. "In the city it seems each day is chust like any other day but in the coundry every day gives something different."

"You can always learn from things you read and people you meet," David said.

At 9.30 Hannah led me up an enclosed stair, through a bare corridor to the spare room. I slept on a straw tick and bolster.

Always the first up, Grossdaddy put on his stay-at-home suit over the underwear in which he slept and went into the parlor of the Doddy House where Grossmommy, a black kerchief on her head, lay sleeping on a hospital bed. A young man rose stiffly from a couch.

"She made nothing out all night," he said, putting on his hat. "I see you next week again."

He was one of the relatives or neighbors who, in the kindly custom of the Old Order, for six years have taken turns to come every night from 9 o'clock till dawn to relieve the Martin family of the care of Grossmommy's lingering illness.

There is no fear of insecurity among the Old Mennonites; their sick and aged are always looked after by their next of kin, or someone among

them is paid from a church fund to care for them.

"It wouldn't be fair for us to take money from the government because our boys don't fight in a war," Hannah told me. "Besides, if we did, we might lose our independence."

"What if the country is attacked?" I asked.

"Jesus said we must turn the other cheek—if everyone did that there would be no wars. In the one we chust had, our men helped with the wounded, and went in camps and we bought war bonds but didn't take the interest off them."

"But everyone doesn't know about Jesus."

"Then we must be an example," she laughed.

When the morning milking was finished, Salema, singing, "Throw out the Lifeline" in her clear young voice, drew the full cans to the cooler in a little cart. Topsy, a collie, followed her.

The hens and beeplings fed, Levina pointed out a red patch by the Conestoga River. "Levi went fishing. Can you see him down there by the willow?"

Is "Swell" A Bad Word?

AT THE kitchen sink David pumped rain water to wash. Hannah, by the range, ran plump fingers through the curds that would be made into *koch kase* (cooked cheese) "when it has that smell that you don't like round the house."

"Make the door shut, Salema, we won't wait for Levi," David was hungry.

Hannah tucked a wisp of greying hair under the kerchief that had covered her head during the night. "I'll comb them later," she said.

Chairs were drawn up, heads bowed silently over ironstone plates. Grossdaddy reached for coffee cake with his fork. Everyone stabbed a piece and dunked it. Levi came in, pleased with 10 pink-headed chub. Porridge was eaten, the remains sopped up with bread so that plates could be filled with fried potatoes, summer sausage and pickled beans.

A bowl of boiled dried apples and prunes was passed. When Tyrone Power is older and heavier he will look like David the Mennonite farmer with the warm brown eyes.

There was talk of the day's work to be done, of things growing; there were questions and answers and there was laughter.

"Dat, you said slang," young Levi chided.

"Dit I? Now what bad word did I say?" David pretended alarm.

"You said 'swell,'" the little boy was very serious.

"Och, ain't that awful? I must be more careful or my children won't be

Continued on page 41



A portrait is evil, so Old Mennonites won't pose. These shots are candid.



"We love to watch things grow." And their tables totter under their produce.



KEN BELL

CONFESSIONS OF A LADY SMUGGLER

To some of the merry wives of Windsor running the customs gauntlet is an exciting game they've been playing since girlhood. They just can't resist those bargains in Detroit

In border towns everywhere, on both sides of the line, small-time smuggling is an illegal art highly developed by men and women alike. For Maclean's this Windsorite frankly tells how she cheats the revenuers.

I STARTED smuggling when I was a girl of 13 living with my family in Windsor and going to school north of the river in Detroit, and I've been smuggling ever since. Now that I'm married and have two children of my own I would never teach them to smuggle, but if they grow up along the border they will learn all about it themselves before they are too old.

My first smuggling venture was planned by my mother who had bought enough sheets and pillowcases at a sale in Detroit to re-equip our house in Windsor. She was anxious to get them home and asked me to wrap a sheet around me and take it across the river on my way home from school.

The preparations for the trip were made at a friend's home in Detroit and they weren't made any too well. As I came through Immigration with my schoolbooks under my arm and yards of heavy linen around my middle I could feel the sheet start to slip. I knew enough about what I was doing to feel guilty—and scared. I started to howl as I approached the customs inspector.

"What's wrong, little girl?" he asked solicitously.

"I want my mother," I cried. This was a perfectly true but incomplete statement. I wanted my mother to do her own smuggling.

The kind inspector shooed me through the gate and told me to go straight home. If he noticed the incongruous train of linen sweeping behind my plaid dress he was too kind to say anything about it.

Since then, like my friends, I have been a fairly consistent, unrepentant smuggler. I've never brought in anything bigger than a rug (a small scatter rug which I wrapped around me under my dress over which I wore a loose raincoat), or a dress, or a table lamp. I wore the lamp shade over the border as a hat and no one knew the difference. The lamp base I carried under my dress.

You almost have to live on the border to understand how smuggling, petty smuggling, is a part of our way of living. Sometimes my husband and I argue about the morality of it. And sometimes I get a little impatient with him when he begins to talk like a social-service worker interviewing a wayward girl. I would go further at these times and say you have to be a woman living on the border to resolve some of the contradictions and paradoxes in the attitude of

myself and some of my friends toward smuggling.

My husband says every woman in Windsor smuggles. This is an exaggeration, although nearly all my friends do it. Many Windsor women smuggle—but not so many as in the days when 20,000 Canadians went to Detroit to work each day.

My husband also says that women are born smugglers. I'm not quite sure yet what he means by that but we do seem to be better at it than men. Probably because we're good shoppers; a bargain has a stronger attraction for a woman and the moral niceties implicit in the Customs Act don't impress us as much as they do men.

I have to run a house on a budget and that's tough going these days. Those bargains across the river have a strong allure that I don't try to resist

and never have. If you think like my husband you will say, "Why not carry this attitude to its logical conclusion and steal what you want and don't pay anything for it?" That, of course, is ridiculous. Stealing is wrong.

I guess the best reason why we defy the law to get things cheaper is just because the bargains are there. Someone said, in an attempt to explain why men climb mountains, that they did it because the mountains were there. Bargains are a challenge to a woman who likes shopping—and what woman doesn't?

Let me give you an idea of the difference in prices. When the kids were going to camp last summer I needed toothbrush holders for them. When I was in Detroit one afternoon I saw them in

a dime store for eight cents. The same thing was 20 cents in Windsor. I know no one budgets heavily for toothbrush holders, but this is typical of the price spread in so many articles.

This black hat I'm wearing cost me a dollar on Woodward Avenue in Detroit. I have never seen anything like it here for less than \$2.99—and that at a sale after the style had passed its peak. These shoes were \$10. Sure I could get the same quality and style in Canada but I'd have to pay \$18.

Incidentally, I had quite a time smuggling these shoes across. I bought them early one afternoon in Detroit and realized they looked spectacularly new. The customs inspectors look at the insteps as you walk along and if the shoes are too bright they are likely to say, "IN-side, lady"—which means you are going to have to answer some questions.

I walked the streets until I was almost exhausted and the shoes still looked as though they had just come out of the box, which they had. It was getting late and I had to get home and prepare the family's supper. I had thrown away my old shoes. I finally had a bright idea and dragged my tired bones up to the city hall where I remembered they had flower beds. I walked slowly around the city hall, stopping furtively every few paces to dip my shoes into the earth of the flower beds to get some quick convincing-looking dirt on them. A couple of Detroiters looked at me with amazement and a couple of women smiled charitably at me (they were probably from Windsor).

A Contraband Jane Russell

A REAL attraction across the river for Canadian women is the style that's built into cheap American clothes. You can get cheap clothes in Canada but the lower-priced ones haven't always got the flair and fashion that cheap ones have in the States. The same is true of items like underwear, girdles and children's clothes. In spite of the 10% discount on Canadian money, I can buy more stylish clothes for less in Detroit.

And there are so many other things, like cosmetics and cigarettes. Cigarettes now cost 36 cents here. Across the river they are 17 and 18 cents and were recently 15. That's why everywhere you go in Windsor you see people pull out packs of U. S. cigarettes with that blue American excise stamp on them.

That's one item my husband, for all his aversion to smuggling, always brings across with him. So do his friends.

When we're arguing about smuggling I tell him the reason he is so disapproving is that he hasn't the nerve or the energy to be a good smuggler. And most men are like him—too lazy to take the trouble or too scared to take the chance.

I remember one day I had some shoes I wanted to get home from Detroit and I had a load of other stuff distributed on me to look like womanly curves. By the time I was through I would have made Jane Russell look flat-chested and I was a little apprehensive. My husband said he would help me but I knew he didn't like the idea.

We crossed the river separately that day and it was years before I found out what did happen to him. It seems he stopped at a bar after leaving me and stowed the shoes, one in each side pocket of his trousers with the heel turned in toward his body. He had a couple of helpings of Dutch courage with soda, patted his side pockets like Wild Bill Hickok checking his six guns, and strode off in the direction of the buses for the tunnel.

On the bus he evolved his simple plan. The thing to do was to be jaunty, carefree, exude *toujours gai*. He was wearing a topcoat and this he left unbuttoned so it swung wide and loose around his enlarged hips. He stepped briskly through Immigration along the 50 feet—a naked and nervous 50 feet it often is too—before you reach the Canadian customs inspector.

By the time he reached the customs men his good will had reached major proportions. He was chuckling, something he never does. So was the customs inspector.

"IN-side," said the man *Continued on page 37*

What? Surely he will accept a lady's word? Not a chance. She once had a ham under her coat.



LUSTY LORD OF THE DESERT



WIDE WORLD
The world's senior monarch is distilling a billionaire's income from the Western hunger for oil.

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

ON THE DESERTS of Saudi Arabia, where thieves are still punished by having their right hands chopped off, and beautiful Sudanese girls are secretly auctioned on the slave block, a Western revolution is quietly taking place under the sure hand of a giant, scowling, hawk-beaked man of the desert.

Until his meeting with Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill on a U. S. cruiser off Egypt in 1945 Abdul Aziz Ibn Abdulrahman Ibn Faisal Ibn Saud, absolute ruler of 5 million Arabs, had never had personal contact with the West outside his own land.

The results of that two-hour meeting with the Western leaders have been striking in their arithmetical simplicity. Before the war the oil production of Ibn Saud's once-bankrupt country was a tiny 539,000 barrels. Today it is almost 20 million barrels. Ibn Saud's prewar income was at most \$5 millions, gained mainly from the pilgrim trade to Mecca. Today it is a staggering \$50 millions a year. Next year it will probably jump to \$100 millions.

Ibn Saud got more from the shipboard conference than the gift of wheel chair and modern airplane which the President gave him in parting.

Today he is not only the senior reigning monarch in the world—but also must be rated as one of the world's wealthiest.

The 1945 conference ended Saudi Arabia's position as one of the obscure countries of the world. It brought burnoused sheiks with jeweled swords to U.N. meetings and it ratified the 6-foot-4, 240-pound monarch as the leading figure of the Arab world.

Soda Fountains in the Sands

HE IS ALSO the key to the transformation that is taking place in his ancient land. Fifteen years ago a wheelbarrow was unknown in Saudi Arabia and, only a few years ago, a modern rifle was a startling sight. Now they're both as familiar as the automobiles, airplanes, radio stations, electric lighting, machine guns and armored cars which are a byproduct of the invasion of 5,000 Americans—most of them employees of the Arabian-American Oil Company which pays Saud his royalties. The company, through its concessions, controls two thirds of the entire country and will be in possession until 2005.

In the midst of torrid and sandy desolation, oil towns, modeled on Western lines, have sprung up complete with 18-hole desert golf courses and air-conditioned soda fountains.

But this modernization has been a long, stubborn campaign against the fanatically religious Wahhabi sect which dominates the country. Ibn Saud himself is a Wahhabi, but he is also a practical man. Motion pictures violate one of the tenets of the sect, but they are now permitted in his land. The Wahhabis—who have been called the fundamentalists of the Islamic faith—prohibit smoking, drinking and gambling. But, by the monarch's personal intervention, Westerners are allowed to hold cocktail parties and play night baseball under arc lights.

His own palaces and royal tents are now equipped with Western-style dining rooms, including silverware and napkins. But *Continued on page 33*

With never more than four wives (at one time) Ibn Saud is switching his sandy kingdom to the ways of the West

it's a **RAYON** Spring!



This Spring everywhere you go, everywhere you look,
it's rayon . . . rayon . . . rayon.

It's a RAYON Spring . . . for day clothes and play clothes . . .
for dinner, for dancing . . . for fashion fabrics by-the-yard . . .
for leisure-time wear. For everything, in fact, that looks better,
wears better and offers *better value* . . . it's rayon.

Rayon—and *only* rayon—has these amazing qualities that are
setting the fashion world on fire today. Textile mills and fashion designers
in Canada are doing things with rayon that were undreamed of a few
years ago; the new fabrics, because of rayon, offer finer appearance,
superior performance—and, best of all, they offer you *more for your money*.

Remember: you're right . . . so right . . . in rayon. That's what
makes it such a wonderful Spring for *everyone*, because this year
It's a RAYON Spring.



Courtaulds (CANADA) Limited



Courtaulds (Canada) Limited makes rayon yarn and staple fibre only. Leading Canadian mills use Courtaulds rayon
to manufacture the beautiful fabrics which are making this Spring a RAYON Spring.

THE MAN WHO ROBS DAVY JONES

"Shipwreck!" is the starting gun that's sped the tough tugs of Dick Chadwick's salvage fleet to 180 stormy rescues on rocks, reefs and open seas

By GERALD ANGLIN

RICHARD E. CHADWICK likes to suggest that his Foundation Company of Canada got keelhaunched into the deep-sea salvage business when a couple of his men fell in love with a tugboat in Hamburg in 1929. The pair had been dispatched to Britain to look at a somewhat more modest tug which Foundation could use in building wharves and paper mills in the lower St. Lawrence, but the powerful 650-tonner was a bargain they couldn't resist.

"Finally I gave in and cabled them to buy the darn thing," 65-year-old Chadwick says somewhat testily today, almost as if he had really been annoyed at the time. "We named her the Founda-

tion Franklin and once we had her we had to go into the salvage game to keep her busy."

The newcomers to the salvage business had no trouble keeping busy: they have since hauled about 180 luckless vessels to safety from jagged reef and stormy sea and thus saved London's underwriters \$114 millions in seagoing insurance claims. In fact, this excitement and adventure tends to obscure the fact that the Foundation Company of Canada remains primarily a construction outfit—the biggest in Canada. It must baffle greying president Chadwick that, although Foundation has in 26 years thrown up more than \$300 millions worth of skyscrapers, factories, paper mills and vast hydro-electric projects, most Canadians probably never heard of his firm except through its tugboats.

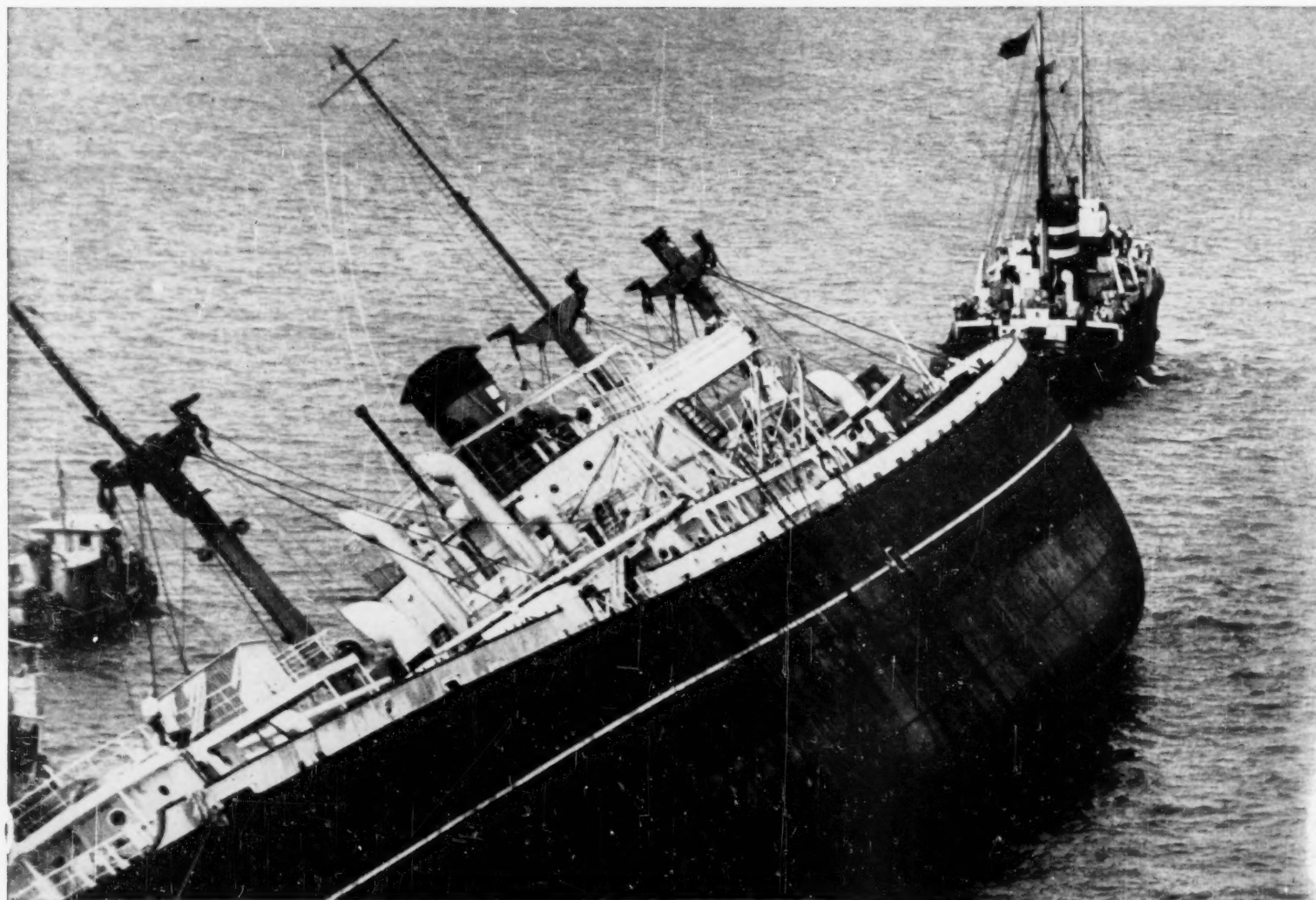
Within the decade after his men bought that

first tug in Hamburg it became a standing joke among newspapermen in Eastern Canada that every story from Halifax began the same way: "The powerful seagoing tug Foundation Franklin steamed out of Halifax harbor under forced draught today after picking up distress signals from the SS ———"

The Franklin churned up her first headlines in 1931 when she raced doctors, nurses and medical supplies through ice flows to Horse Island, off Newfoundland, where huddled 123 survivors of the exploded sealing vessel Viking. In 1935 news tickers chattered how the Franklin plucked 16 British sailors from the decks of the freighter Berwindlea, wrecked on Deadman Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Then came the Battle of the Atlantic during

Continued on page 30

The Spectacular Story of Canada's Biggest Builder — Part Two



For six dangerous days the Foundation Josephine lugged the listing Leicester toward a Bermuda berth. Then another hurricane hit and stranded them both.

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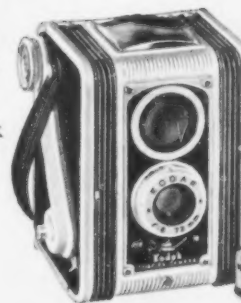
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WHEN THE BLIZZARDS HIT BALMY B.C.

By CLYDE GILMOUR

TOUGH motorcycle policemen in Vancouver wore earmuffs for the first time in history during this winter of 1949-50, and one day a man named Leo Sweeney even tried to give the country back to the Indians. The Indians, a shrewd lot, wouldn't take it. Both incidents help call attention to the fact that British Columbia's largest city, which for years had been kidding itself that it possesses a banana-belt or subtropical climate,

has just gone through an ordeal calculated to shatter that cozy legend.

Sweeney's gesture, of course, was just a publicity gag. Newspaper photos showed the city's perennial No. 1 booster offering an Indian chief a scroll renouncing the white man's rights to the whole territory. Sweeney, 63, is a successful barrelmaker, or superduper hooper, who for 30 years has been beating the drums for Vancouver as a community blessed by balmy zephyrs and perpetual sunshine. He is a potent force in the Vancouver Tourist Association and president of the International

THE CHIEF said "Ugh!" when this deflated booster tried to give the frozen Coast back to the Indians.

Evergreen Playground Association. For Leo Sweeney, even in jest, to make fun of Vancouver's climate was a symbol of grim portent to his fellow citizens.

Chief Joe Mathias, of the Capilano tribe, rejected Sweeney's offer in the following words: "Nuts! Vancouver? You can have it, brother! It would take another 50 years to clean up this mess." Then, for newsmen, the chief courteously translated his remarks into conventional Hollywood redskin: "Ugh! White man keep um! Indian braves no want um! I go!"

The poignant ceremony was chronicled with dead-pan gravity by the Vancouver Press, which, like all the rest of Vancouver, had precious little to laugh at during the coldest, hardest winter in the city's official history.

A solemn-faced humorist named Barry Mather, who writes a daily front-page column of whimsy for the Vancouver Sun, is credited with having dealt the tourist bureau its cruelest blow. He revised the term "Evergreen Playground" to "Vancouver — Evermean Sleighbground." The bureau's letterheads have not yet been changed but they may be if next winter is another tough one.

January of this year, for example, was colder in Vancouver than in either Toronto or Montreal. For the entire month the average Vancouver temperature was 20.6 degrees above zero. That made it the coldest month since the city began keeping official records in 1900. January's readings averaged 21.6 above in Montreal; in Toronto the average was away up to 31.5. This latter statistic was a bitter pill to Vancouverites, who have long pictured Toronto as a place of clammy summers and frigid winters and their own city one of gentle moderation.

Farther west, of course, Vancouver had plenty of misery to keep it company. Winnipeg, with a January average of 16 below, had the coldest winter in 75 years. Edmonton in the same month had an all-time low average of 18 below, and Regina was even worse with 21 below. Still, these fearsome computations have always seemed fairly normal (to Vancouver, anyway) as far as the Prairies are concerned. What was new and alarming was the fact that Vancouver, for two years in a row, was just as cold and just as snowy and just as miserable in winter as many other parts of Canada.

How did it happen? Was it a coincidence, or part of a definite pattern? Is the change temporary or permanent? Has, in fact, the climate of the whole world undergone profound and inscrutable changes in the years since World War II?

The answers from scientists are somewhat guarded, but reassuring. In an interview in early

Coasters still can't believe it, but for the month of January Vancouver's average temperature was 11 degrees colder than Toronto's. But that "evergreen playground" legend will thaw out

February Canada's top weatherman, Andrew Thomson, chief of the Dominion Meteorological Service, declared there is no reason to suspect that the Pacific coast will continue to be buffeted by wintry blasts fiercer than normal.

"There have been abnormalities in the flow of the atmosphere right around the globe," said Thomson. "But the biggest shift and the most unusual storms have been located between the centre line of the Pacific and the centre line of the Atlantic, with Canada about in the middle of the area. British Columbia and Alberta have felt the worst of it."

Then the meteorologist added something that made a lot of chilled B. C. spines tingle eerily: "The reason why these large-scale temperature shifts maintain themselves is obscure. The recurrence of the unusually long shifts in winter weather two years in succession indicates that *some systematic control* is at work." (The italics are mine, not Thomson's, but they indicate the words which proved disturbing in Vancouver where endless speculation about the weather has long been a phenomenon of incredible proportions.)

Blame the Bomb?—Ridiculous!

SOME pioneers, reviewing the dim past, guessed that the Japanese current, a moderating Pacific flow of warm water from the Far East, had at last permanently forsaken the B. C. coast. The weathermen say no.

Another theory discounted by the scientists is the one which blames the atomic bomb for recent shifts in the globe's weather pattern.

One weatherman said thoughtfully, "The energy released by the explosion of an atomic bomb, or even a hydrogen bomb for that matter, represents only the tiniest fraction of the energy wrapped up in any one of the dozens of routine storms sweeping the world's oceans every day of the year. So it's just plain ridiculous to suppose that the atomic detonations in 1945 and '46 could have caused any alteration in global climate."

Whatever the cause, Vancouver's formidable winters of the past two years have brought a heavy load of trouble, expense and worry to Canada's third-largest city. Civic expenditures on snow clearance and street sanding alone have gone up 1,300% in the past four years.

According to an unofficial estimate the water pipes in at least 4,000 houses were frozen during the worst cold spell in January. Fuel bills were three and four times higher than ever before. The same applied to many a family's clothing budget. Thousands of Vancouver men wore long heavy underwear for the first time ever, and women besieged lingerie counters in their search for "snuggies," warm woolly overpanties.

Already the city has felt the pinch of tourist diffidence. Says R. H. ("Dick") Baker, manager of the Vancouver Tourist Association: "Well-to-do people in the eastern provinces used to come here en masse for short midwinter vacations, usually about the last three weeks of January. Exchange regulations made it awkward for them to do as they pleased in the United States, so they headed this way—but not in 1950. Hundreds who tried to make it got marooned in trains in the Fraser Canyon. They could only reach Vancouver by 'airlift' and when they arrived here they were snow-bound. In our office we died a thousand deaths every day during January and you can't blame us. Maybe, though, next winter will be milder."

For decades Vancouver has advertised year-round golf and other attractions based on a climate resembling Florida's or California's. Reluctantly, it hasn't been able to deliver the goods during the past two winters.

Movie theatres, restaurants, bowling alleys and other businesses have suffered greatly.

Less tangible, but

Continued on page 46

After the "Pearl Harbor blitz" on January 23 a Vancouver mailman trudges up Dunbar Hill. Down in the stores long red underwear was a sell-out.





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Caribbean Mutiny

Continued from page 11

ever born that could box in the Old Man. He'll find a way."

His words had a curious effect on Collins. He wavered. Under the gleam of perspiration his face became as grey as old sailcloth.

"Wasn't meaning to say it till you had some rest," he said softly. "Old Man won't be getting us out of this. One of them stray shots from shore got him last night. He's bad hurt."

Barnshaw sat very still for several moments, and the chuckle of water along the wooden hull seemed strangely loud. His mouth went dry and hot, and his legs were unsteady when he got to his feet.

"He's sleeping," Collins said. "You can't see him."

IN SILENCE Barnshaw mounted to the quarter deck and moved through the light of the lantern hanging in the mizzen shrouds. For a long time he stood at the rail, gripping it hard with both hands, staring out into the night. Presently someone touched his arm and he knew, before turning, that it was Yvonne Jessup.

A dark, slender girl of eighteen, she was still dressed in the torn pantaloons and white silk blouse she had worn in her flight through the jungle. But now she had a red sash bound around her head in a turban. She looked exquisitely fragile.

"Monsieur Barnshaw," she said. "You must speak with the captain. My father is troubled that he cannot see his old friend to thank him."

Anger flamed in his face. He resented her beauty and the look of trust in her eyes. "It does you no good to speak to me," he said brusquely. "I can do nothing for you."

Her eyes widened with fear. "Then it is true. Something has happened."

He relented a little. "You'd better go below and get some rest. Perhaps in the morning you can see Captain Clayton."

He left her quickly, hoping she'd understand he had no wish to see her again.

As he entered the waist, Collins limped out of the shadows. "Been waiting for you," he said. "The captain's needing a doctor."

It was Collins' way of hinting something had to be done soon. Barnshaw glanced at the sky. It was overcast, and a favorable land breeze, which promised to grow stronger during the night, whispered encouragingly in the rigging.

Barnshaw said, "I know what Captain Clayton would do. He'd sail tonight."

"I figured that," Collins spat expertly between the shrouds. "Hanlon's acting captain now. If you can keep a civil tongue we'd better go see him."

CAPTAIN Clayton's saloon smelled unpleasantly from Hanlon's clay pipe. The mate was a massive and flabby man. He ignored Barnshaw completely and shook his head when Collins had finished.

"Running a blockade is a serious matter," he said. "If we weren't pounded to pieces by gunfire, I'd stand to lose my ship and face a possible term in some filthy French dungeon. No thank you."

"But the night is dark," Collins said. "If we sail now—"

Hanlon stabbed at the charts before him with the stem of his clay pipe. "Reefs, Collins! Look at them. And who knows how accurate this chart is?"

"You're forgetting Mister Barnshaw, begging your pardon sir," Collins said.

Maclean's Magazine, April 1, 1950

"It was him marked them charts. He could sail out of here in his sleep."

Barnshaw blinked at this wild exaggeration. Up to that moment he had not given the reefs at the mouth of the estuary a single thought, but now he began to sweat.

Hanlon scowled at him. "You could get us out of here at night?"

"Aye, aye, sir," Barnshaw said without hesitation. He saw the gleam of hope in Hanlon's agate eyes and he knew this was the moment to strike a bargain. "I'll do it, but only on my own terms. I know these waters. You don't. I want you to keep off the deck till dawn. Your presence could only lead to differences."

Hanlon's fleshy face reddened. "I've heard it said, Barnshaw, that the last time you stood watch alone you tried to outrace a squall with every sail on her. You lost a topmast and half the sails I believe."

"That was all of a year ago," Collins put in. "I've great respect for his seamanship, sir."

Hanlon gave a contemptuous grunt.

Looking at Barnshaw, Collins said, "If you'd step out, Mister Barnshaw."

Barnshaw did. He waited for ten minutes on the quarter-deck before Collins came, looking pleased with himself.

"She's yours till dawn," he said. "Hanlon's left the charts in the saloon for you."

"How did you—"

"I'm calling all hands."

STILL not quite believing it, Barnshaw returned to the saloon and spent several minutes poring over the charts. When he emerged once more the lantern had been extinguished and the darkness was alive with faint creaking sounds.

Collins appeared out of the gloom for orders.

"Slip the anchor," Barnshaw said.

He caught himself glancing over his shoulder out of long habit, half expecting to see Captain Clayton at his usual post by the taffrail. But he was alone, and the knowledge brought a churning conflict of fear and uncertainty.

He moved aft and stood beside his friend Rant, who was at the wheel. "Keep your helm aweather," he said in an undertone. "This will be like coming around in a rain barrel."

Rant put the wheel over. "There's something mighty queer going on," he said. "Collins keeps the key to the Old Man's cabin. Won't let nobody in."

"You mean the captain's a prisoner?"

"No. He was shot all right. But nobody saw it happen. We just found him on deck with a hole in his back. And then this morning Hanlon was fixing to sail without you when the Frenchies come."

Barnshaw frowned slightly as he studied the compass and took bearings on the end of the cape, beyond which the Frenchman lay in ambush.

Seconds dragged. Suddenly the sound of a splash came from the bows. They were free, and the sails dropped with a sibilant swish.

The deck came to life under him as the Glenard swung about and thrust her forefoot into the swells. Like a ghost ship gliding into the night, she gathered way.

Hastily, he rechecked his bearings, glanced ahead over the dark waters. There was nothing to mark the location of the passage through the reef.

How could he be sure? In desperation, he glanced back, trying to get a fix on the tower of Jacmeaux which had guided them in. But it was swallowed up in the loom of the mountains.

He felt a wild upsurge of panic that

Continued on page 26

Main Dish Magic

at Less than 19c a Serving



Wonderful

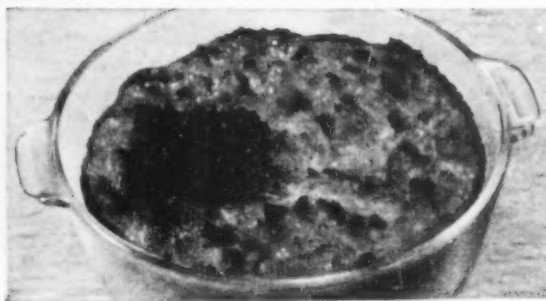
is the word for
Canned Salmon
Baked Potatoes

1/2 lb. Canned Salmon, flaked
4 baked potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley
2 tablespoons grated cheese
A little hot milk
Paprika
Lemon juice
2 tomatoes.
1 tin peas

Bake potatoes until tender, make a cut in the top of each, scoop out potatoes, keep skins hot. Mash potato, add butter and just enough hot milk to moisten. Add parsley, seasonings and cheese. Squeeze juice of lemon over Canned Salmon and lightly fold the Canned Salmon into the potato. Replace in skin, sprinkle paprika on top and place potatoes under broiler for a moment. Serves four.



FANCY HOSTESS SANDWICHES: Wonderful for quick snack sandwiches any time. Canned Salmon and a little imagination conjures up exquisite party delicacies. Mix Salmon with mayonnaise, chopped onions. Garnish with chopped olives, chopped pickles, pimento or cuts of asparagus. Make sandwiches in rolls, open face or three deckers. Here's party treats your guests will appreciate.



SALMON en CASSEROLE: Combine 1 lb. flaked salmon and 1/2 cup grated cheese, add 2 beaten eggs, and 1 cup milk. Pour mixture into buttered casserole dish. Pour 2 tablespoons melted butter over 3 crackers rolled and sprinkle on top of casserole. Pour juice of 1 lemon over all. Cover casserole and set in dish of water and bake in moderate oven, 350-375 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 4.



CANNED SALMON PUFFS: Flake 1 lb. salmon and add 1/2 tsp. salt and a dash of pepper and 3/4 cup bread crumbs and 1 tsp. lemon juice. Add 3 beaten egg yolks; mix thoroughly and then fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in greased custard cups. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven 300 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Unmold on a hot platter, garnish and serve with a tartar sauce.

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"Manufacturers and Exporters"

Continued from page 24

blanked out thought. The Glenard quickened her swing and for a frantic moment he hesitated.

"Meet her!" rasped Barnshaw. He kept his eyes on the rocking compass card as the Glenard halted her swing. "There! Hold her so!"

He stepped back wet with perspiration. He had made his guess. It was all he could do. They were rushing down on the reef—to destruction or escape. Seconds would tell.

He coned the mainsails, all taut and drawing now, and as his gaze swept upward he saw the mast jerk and heard a sound.

A mild shock came up through his legs and the Glenard rolled. He braced himself instinctively for the crash. But the ship sheered off and righted herself far more quickly than he could steady his reeling senses.

He sucked in a deep breath of sea air. They were through!

"Another one coming up," he warned Rant. "Bear on the tip of the cape."

Hanlon came pounding up the hatchway ladder and wanted to know what had happened.

"Scraped some coral, but we got through. I'm checking the pumps."

Apparently satisfied, Hanlon went below again.

THE Glenard began feeling the seas, rolling a little as she bore down on the rocky cape, taking them closer and closer to where the Frenchman lay. But she was on the other side of the cap and would not be able to see them. Barnshaw passed the word for silence.

He judged his speed by the bubbling wake. A minute more, he estimated, would bring them clear of the outer reef which ended abruptly a hundred yards from the cape.

He had just given the order to round the end of the reef when he heard the shots.

"Signal shots," groaned Rant. "They must have men posted on the cape."

With the element of surprise lost, speed was their only hope, that and the thin possibility of shaking off pursuit in the darkness.

Every stitch was clapped on with miraculous speed, and the Glenard, trembling under the press of canvas, shook herself, surged forward joyously, lifting her bows and thrashing the seas as she heeled along at the edge of the wind.

After a time Collins came aft mopping his face. He glanced anxiously at the dark margin of Haiti off their beam. "You're holding mighty close in."

"Got to keep this land breeze," Barnshaw explained. "Place lookouts and get a man in the chains with the lead."

He was setting a hazardous course, for the charts of the coast were so inadequate as to be almost useless. The leadman's singsong voice could warn them of gradual shoaling, but hidden reefs could lay open their bottom without warning. Yet the risk seemed worth it. By skirting the coast they could hold the stiff land breeze through the night and increase their speed by two or three knots.

Time after time Collins returned. They tried vainly to peer into the murk astern for some sign of the French. The tension eased somewhat as the hours passed.

SUDDENLY Collins stood beside him again. "Dawn in an hour," he said.

Barnshaw dreaded the coming of dawn. He concealed his uneasiness by changing the subject.

"Looked in on Captain Clayton?"

"A few minutes ago," Collins leaned

heavily against the rail. "He knows we're at sea. Might be a good sign."

"I understand you keep his door locked."

"Aye, with the jewels and gold them rich plantation people brought aboard—it's all in the captain's strongbox—I ain't taking no chances. I mind how Hanlon and his redheaded friend took special interest in the stuff."

Barnshaw had the impression Collins was withholding something.

A PULSING sheen of silver in the east brought silence to the quarter-deck, every man rapt in his anxious thoughts, wondering what dawn would bring.

The world became grey about them. Then suddenly the first rays of sun touched the sails with golden light and everyone turned instinctively to study the horizon astern.

"A sail! Starboard quarter!" came the cry from the masthead.

The grim glances of Collins and Rant made it seem like the voice of doom.

"How do you make her out?" Barnshaw asked.

"A brig, sir," came the reply. "She's bearing down with everything flying."

Hanlon rushed up in time to hear the last of it, a wild look in his bloodshot eyes. Red, the bosun, followed at his heels. Curiously, they were both wearing pistols, small pistols that did not belong to the ship.

"Where is she?" Hanlon demanded.

"She's—" At that instant, as the stern of the Glenard rose over the crest of a wave, Barnshaw saw the steady white square of a sail on the horizon. He pointed. "There she is."

Hanlon got out his glass and studied her for several minutes.

Barnshaw stood by. He was distracted by a peculiar babbling sound and turned to find the passengers streaming into the waist. The girl was there, her dark hair flowing in the wind as she looked up at him. The sight of her touched off his anger.

"You people get below!" he roared. "There may be shooting."

"They can stay where they are," said Hanlon. "I'm master here. I'll not jeopardize the lives of these people by resisting a French man-o'-war."

Barnshaw was immediately stung with humiliation. Hanlon's position was perfectly correct, he knew. It would be suicide to put up a show of resistance against a man-o'-war.

When Barnshaw looked aft again the slanting tower of sails stood large over the rim of the sea. The Frenchman was bearing down, closing the gap between them with alarming speed. There could no longer be any thought of escape.

Hanlon said to Collins, "You and Rant go forward and stand ready to round her to. We'll have to surrender. Get the colors up so we can strike them."

Collins shot a curious, lingering look at Barnshaw before he turned to obey.

Red fell in behind him, the pistol in his belt glinting in the morning sun. It was clear that Hanlon, having failed to gain the respect of the crew, meant to have his orders obeyed at pistol point if necessary.

But to Barnshaw, Hanlon was no longer important. The Glenard would soon be in the hands of the French and she would be headed back for the pestilence and misery of Port-au-Prince. He wondered grimly how many of them would live through it.

He kept his back to the girl in the waist. He had no wish to see her again. He remembered the fear in her eyes a few minutes ago; and she had been looking at him, not Hanlon, as though he could somehow work miracles.

THE sound of a flat report made him jerk up his head. The sleek hull had come into sight.

Barnshaw studied the strange vessel. She was a small corvette, flush-decked with a single line of guns. But something about her unusual rig and her waspish look of speed held him and brought a vague feeling of familiarity.

A puff of white smoke flowered from her bows and was instantly whipped to shreds by the wind.

"There!" cried Hanlon. "She's trying to rake us with her bow chasers. Give Collins the word and round her to, Mister Barnshaw."

Barnshaw stood firm. He had suddenly recognized the vessel for what she was and he tried to suppress his excitement. "I was about to suggest, sir, that we run out the guns."

"Guns! Turn the guns on a man-o'-war!"

"She's a French privateer!"

Hanlon's red-rimmed eyes smoldered. "She's on patrol duty for the navy, no matter what she is. She's got twice our number of guns. And we're a blockade-runner, remember that. If we spilled one drop of French blood, I—I would perhaps hang for it."

The big fellow seemed unnerved and desperate. They glared at each other, and slowly Hanlon drew his pistol. "I gave you an order, Barnshaw. Round her to."

"Captain Clayton wouldn't."

Hanlon raised his pistol. "I know how to deal with mutinous dogs! Round her to, Barnshaw. You've got five seconds."

Barnshaw hesitated. It came to him that Hanlon was afraid to give the order himself. It might not stick. Hanlon was using him to enforce surrender.

The alternatives were clear. He could submit to legal authority, follow Hanlon's orders, and they could all take their chances of surviving the months of hard labor and disease and privation of Port-au-Prince—which would almost certainly mean death of the Old Man; or he could shoulder the responsibility of leading a mutiny, a criminal act, and turn the guns of the Glenard on the privateer.

It was enough for him that he knew what the Old Man would have done. He turned to the waist.

"Collins!" he roared at the top of his lungs, raising his fist high. "She's a French privateer!"

There was an eruption of sound and commotion in the crowded waist. A shot rang out, Collins shouted orders, passengers milled and ran to get under cover.

Hanlon's pistol went off as Barnshaw came rushing in. It blinded him momentarily but he struck out and his fist found the fleshy face. Hanlon staggered.

Then the pistol cracked down on Barnshaw's skull and the deck swirled about him. He kept swinging with wild strength, blindly, furiously.

Hanlon was down when the seamen rushed the quarter-deck. They jerked him to his feet like a jointless rag doll.

"Lock him up. Red, too," gasped Barnshaw. "Then get back to your guns."

Behind him the banging of the privateer's bow chaser came loudly and at regular intervals. The French had come within easy range. One shot growled along the hull. Another moments later, parted two mainmast shrouds.

"Keep as close to the wind as she lie," he told the helmsman.

THE Glenard mounted fourteen guns, seven to a side; and there were certainly no match for the privateer's armament. But the odds

were good, Barnshaw knew from experience, that a gun battle would not materialize. Unlike a man-o'-war, the privateer—which was a privately owned pirate ship under government license—would avoid a gun battle if possible. They had no desire to damage a ship which they meant to take as a prize. They would want it whole and in good condition.

Their strategy would be to slip up on the lee side and board with fifty or more men armed with pistols and grenades and cutlasses. Once aboard, they would make short work of the Glenard's crew.

But Barnshaw hoped to prevent them from boarding. His only slim chance of success depended upon that.

In the waist, Collins had already cleared for action. Shot and fireboxes of ammunition and matchtubs were being brought up and placed at proper intervals.

Barnshaw ducked as a round shot screeched past his head like an infernal blast of hot air. It landed on the forecabin with a solid crash, sending up a deadly shower of splinters that scattered men at the forward guns.

Collins came at a limping trot. "All clear and ready, sir."

"Have the extra men stand ready to back sails," said Barnshaw. "You and Rant lay the guns. Fire when they all bear."

The jeering of the privateers could be plainly heard now. They were supremely confident, Barnshaw noticed with satisfaction. That was in his favor.

Dashing alongside the Glenard they sent a deadly barrage of grenade and a hail of shot.

A shattering explosion drove Barnshaw into the rail. He saw his helmsman away and crumple to deck. Leaping over the body, he grabbed the wheel before the Glenard could pay off.

There was no panic in the waist. The leeward gun crews huddled grimly over their guns. Others stood ready to haul the yards, their eyes on Barnshaw, knowing their lives depended upon split-second execution.

Then the privateers were abeam yardarm to yardarm.

"Braces and tacks! Haul!" roared Barnshaw. A second later he put down the helm.

The Glenard came smartly into the eye of the wind. Yards wheeled and squared, so that the wind, all in a moment, fell full on the fronts of the sails to act as a powerful brake.

Grappling irons flew from the privateer—steel hooks arching up on the ends of lines which were meant to draw the ships closely together for boarding. Some of the casts fell short because of the Glenard's sudden swing, but many were good, and the hooks caught at the bulwarks and in the shrouds and backstays.

Grapple lines took up the strain. The critical moment for boarding had come. But now the Glenard was reducing speed so sharply that the forward drive of the privateer proved too much for the frail grapple lines. They parted like so many threads.

Collins' hoarse shout brought a deafening salvo. Seven guns thundered in unison.

The Glenard heaved to the recoil. Decks tilted. Acrid white smoke rolled up, wiping out vision. For a suspended moment there was neither sight nor sound.

Then Barnshaw heard the coughing of his men. He rubbed the tears from his smarting eyes as the wind tore the smoke into ragged streamers and whipped them astern.

Before he could see clearly, a wild shout came up from the waist.

Then he saw it too, and he leaned weakly against the wheel.

Less than a pistol shot off the port bow lay the stricken privateer. She was as helpless now as a wallowing old barge. Her masts were reduced to splintered stumps. Her deck was a clutter of wreckage and torn sail, and her top hamper dragged over the side, so that she listed sharply to port. There was no fight left in her.

A few broadsides into her hull would have sent her to the bottom. But Barnshaw, having no quarrel with the French let the Glenard fall off and draw quickly away.

BY THE time the guns had been secured and the wounded cared for—there were six of them—the French privateer was a mere speck on the windward horizon.

"Hanlon's threatening to have us all up for mutiny," Rant reported.

The time had come, Barnshaw thought, to play his hunch. He reviewed the shreds of evidence in his mind. The captain shot in the back, no witnesses, it seemed highly improbable that a shot from shore could have reached the ship. No one aboard had access to the captain's small-arms locker. But Hanlon and Red had pistols of their own, and in the excitement of this morning, they'd made the mistake of showing them.

When Barnshaw finally returned to the quarter-deck, he met Rant's anxious look with a grin. "Hanlon won't be in a position to charge us with mutiny," he said. "I'm holding him for attempted murder."

Rant's eyes popped. Barnshaw nodded. "I think Collins suspected it all along. Hanlon had the most to gain."

"But there's no proof," Rant said. "I've got a witness. Red confessed his part of it after I told him Hanlon said that he'd done the shooting. Red claims Hanlon was the one. They can fight it out in court."

An hour later Collins came up. "Captain Clayton's asking for you, Mister Barnshaw."

Barnshaw hurried below. The elderly man, propped with pillows, held out his hand.

"Well done, lad," he said warmly. Barnshaw swallowed. "I was only following the orders I knew you would have given, sir."

Captain Clayton waved that aside with a gesture. "Nonsense. You were doing what you knew was right. That comes out of experience. No man could have done more."

"Aye," beamed Collins, clapping him on the shoulder. "I always said when the captain here spends that much time training men, you can be sure he's got the right kind of tar in him."

The captain's faded blue eyes twinkled. "Modesty becomes you, Barnshaw." He paused. "I want you to take over for me lad."

"T—thank you, sir."

It was all Barnshaw could say. The command of the Glenard was rightfully his now, and to merit such confidence from the Old Man seemed more glorious by far than his victory over the French.

Suddenly, as he turned to go, he discovered the girl. She stood in the shadows near the foot of the bunk, stood so still that she seemed not to be breathing. She smiled.

He got an odd but pleasing sensation in his chest. He gave her a warm smile in return, and it seemed right that the Old Man should be there to see it, giving his silent approval.

"No shoals ahead, lad."

A slow grin spread on Barnshaw's face. "Stand by the captain for a while, Collins," he said. "I'm taking Miss Jessup out for some fresh air." ★



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The Man Who Robs Davy Jones

Continued from page 20

which the Franklin was chiefly responsible for Foundation's score of 95 vessels saved, meaning nearly 500,000 tons of precious Allied shipping.

Though the fearless Franklin was finally retired a year ago her place in the headlines has already been taken by the Foundation Josephine, almost twice as husky and more than twice as powerful. And the Josephine (named for Mrs. Chadwick) today queens it over a Foundation fleet of 20 deep-sea and harbor tugs, derrick boats and other work vessels of specialized design which dominate the marine salvage business in the St. Lawrence and northwestern Atlantic and dock all ships entering Halifax harbor.

Richard Chadwick, the man everyone at Foundation calls the Chief, suggests neither a salvage boss nor a giant of the construction industry so much as he resembles a shrewd, small-town general merchant. He seems almost deliberately querulous, as if afraid someone might take advantage of his evident good nature. When outnumbered in an argument with the crack staff he has built around him he chews his lip, fumbles for another cigarette with one still burning, and reaches for his scratch pad to try and diagram his way out of the corner he's in. Of no more than medium stature and given to quiet suits of an old-fashioned cut he smacks not a bit of the sea nor the wilderness, both of which he has repeatedly and successfully defied with his persistent and agile mind.

The Woolworth for a Pipe Opener

The launching of this dry-land engineer into the marine salvage business was not quite so in-spite-of-himself as his story about the purchase of the Foundation Franklin makes it sound. The man has always had a weakness for water—whether sailing on it, fishing in it, damming it, diverting it or cheating it of a ship.

Toronto-born and educated, one of his first jobs after graduating as a mechanical engineer in 1906 was as boss of bridges for the city works department. He promptly took over care of the city's docks as well.

When he was hired by the Foundation Company of New York in 1911 he had first to master the firm's specialty—building pneumatic caissons of structural concrete and sinking these through quicksand to bedrock as sturdy legs for the skyscrapers which were then beginning to give Manhattan a profile like a porcupine.

The New York firm broke in the 26-year-old Canadian by setting him to build a foundation on which a man named Woolworth could erect the world's tallest office building. But Woolworth's big ideas kept growing bigger, and when he called a temporary halt to the work so he could enlarge his floor plan chief engineer Chadwick was hauled up out of the excavation and sent to Montreal where Foundation had recently opened an office.

The Canadian's stay in New York had already taught him considerable about pneumatic caisson work and about the peculiar tactics of the Manhattan police, who once arrested him for manslaughter and then subjected him to a grueling all-night round of glittering restaurants, bars and cabarets. (The cops did not seriously hold him responsible for the death of a workman but, as the arresting detective considerably explained, "It's just

that we gotta holdya till we make sure the mornin' papers don't raise any stink, see? Meanwhile, my police pass is good anywhere so if you should care to see some night life . . ." Chadwick recalls it as quite an evening and all it cost him was taxis.)

"I knew we'd never get anywhere in Canada if we stuck to doing building foundations," says Chadwick. And in no time he was putting his newly learned techniques to work in his favorite element, building bridge piers.

For Canadian railways which were then widening a lot of their bridges to accommodate double tracks he was soon leap-frogging rivers all over Canada with his concrete pillars. He built nearly 90 of them altogether and once fought a fire for two hours inside the wooden working chamber of a caisson 100 feet below Mud Lake, near Perth, Ont.

Breweries to Church Steeples

Chadwick went on to build a refinery for International Nickel at Cornwall, Ont., vast additions to the CPR's sprawling Angus shops in Montreal, an added wing for Ottawa's Chateau Laurier, and a great rayon mill for Courtauld's at Cornwall, Ont. Perhaps as a concession to his New York employers he even built one honest-to-goodness skyscraper, the Aldred building on Montreal's Place d'Armes—all of it except the foundation, that is.

He so expanded the business that in 1924 the Montreal branch was incorporated as the Foundation Company of Canada. The parent firm in New York at first retained half the stock but five years later the Canadian shareholders bought out the Americans. Several Montreal financial men contributed to the Canadianization fund (notably a young investment dealer named Victor M. Drury, who is today president of Canadian Car and Foundry Co. as well as an enthusiastic vice-president of Foundation) but everyone in the firm had to take on all the stock he could to help swing the deal. Richard Chadwick mortgaged his home, borrowed on his insurance and, according to Foundation legend, extracted a further \$50,000 from the banks on his face value. He had to be almost forced into taking the presidency.

Today Chadwick's Foundation Company, like few other American subsidiaries, has far outgrown the U. S. concern which gave it birth and now operates a subsidiary of its own south of the border.

It achieved its present stature by tackling every conceivable kind of job from breweries to church steeples. But it's significant that the biggest single contract Foundation ever undertook was the \$44½ million diversion of the Saguenay River to provide the Aluminum Company of Canada with a 1,200,000-horsepower hydro-electric plant at Shipshaw, in northern Quebec.

You can't keep Chadwick out of the water.

For a single job he designed a special barge—the muscle-boat Foundation Scarboro which hoisted 250-ton lengths of steel-and-concrete pipe off Toronto's shore line and laid them down gently as eggs on the bottom of Lake Ontario for a new water intake. For building paper mills down the St. Lawrence he designed a floating operations base called the Jupiter, equipped to fell its own timbers, saw its own lumber, generate its own electricity.

The Foundation Jupiter's launching in 1928 was a great relief to the Chadwick family in Montreal for father largely designed her on the living room floor, happily clipping and pasting the blueprints to try things this way and that. One evening young daughter

Martha toddled downstairs to kiss daddy good night, collected an absent-minded peck and was wading ashore across the blueprint sea when father neatly upended her to peel a missing winch off her heel.

It was a year later that the Chief dispatched the tug hunters to their rendezvous in Hamburg.

Marine salvage is an ancient and honorable profession still largely dominated by an old-fashioned legal document known as a Lloyd's open-form contract, the key words of which are "no cure—no pay."

The skipper of a salvage tug must first beat any nearby rivals to the side of a ship which has run aground or needs a tow and talk her captain into signing a "no cure—no pay" contract. This amounts to little more than an admission by the captain that his ship does need saving and that his owners will pay off if the salvage attempt is successful.

If the rescue is successful a committee of Lloyd's appoints an arbitrator to determine the "salvaged value" of ship and cargo and decide what percentage of this should be paid to the salvage firm by the owners, the owners to be repaid by the underwriters who carry the insurance on the ship. Since the salvage company may risk valuable tugs and equipment on a dangerous job and get no return at all for a fruitless rescue attempt, awards in case of success are commensurately high.

A marooned captain may try to talk the salvage master into a daily-hire deal, but any salvage outfit worth its salt would rather take the "open form" gamble. The salvage briefs subsequently submitted to the arbitrator, though couched in dignified language, traditionally paint as black and fearsome a picture as possible of the hazards.

At the time of Foundation's entry into the float-'em-off and haul-'em-away business, competition was keen. But in June 1932 the British freighter Firby ran ashore in the Strait of Belle Isle. Reports had her so badly aground and so severely damaged that the established salvage firms were not overly keen to gamble on her. Off went the Foundation Franklin to the rescue. Hauling the Firby back into the sea proved not too tough a task, but then she promptly started to sink. Foundation's men quickly ran her aground again in a sheltered spot, sealed her hatches, pumped compressed air into her, floated her off on her decks and towed her all the way to Quebec City.

Blockbusters Bounced Around

This put Foundation on the map in London, among the underwriters, and the Firby incident was quickly followed by the strangely fortunate case of the ship that got away. Both the Foundation Franklin and Halifax Shipyards' rival tug Reindeer took off from Halifax when the Hamburg liner Harburg wirelessly her rudder was gone, and both rescue ships themselves came to grief. But whereas the Franklin merely broke down, the Reindeer foundered in a gale.

This left the Franklin almost a clear field in the Atlantic's northwest corner, and 12 years later Foundation bought out its St. Lawrence rival, the CPR's Quebec Salvage and Shipping. Today Foundation has tugs based at Rimouski, St. John's, Halifax and Bermuda.

When the Reindeer sank her crew escaped and Foundation signed on her skipper, Captain Bob Featherstone, as salvage master. "Cap" Featherstone is known all over the North Atlantic as a great rough-and-tumble salvage man, a sea lawyer and tough negotiator who can make a deal with the captain

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of a casualty in 20 seconds in the teeth of a booming gale. When a wreck is stuck somewhere on the mainland he'll often go racing off in his car to beat his own ships to the casualty. He smashed his car and his arm on one such dash, but two hours later with the arm in a cast he was climbing the side of the ship.

Featherstone is a master of the fast pull-off, his seamanship worth an extra tugboat in a spot where everything depends on getting a casualty off the rocks before the waves batter her to pieces. When the British armed merchantman Queen of Bermuda ran aground on Mars Rock, just outside Halifax harbor, during wintry January weather in 1942, Featherstone had her off within 12 hours. However, when the U. S. Liberty ship William MacLay climbed Elbow Shoal, at the southwestern tip of Nova Scotia, the "quick pull" took 13 days.

Before she could be hauled off, the Jupiter had to come to the Franklin's assistance and attend to the delicate matter of hoisting 750 two-ton block-buster bombs from the MacLay's hold—enough to provide the RAF with the makings of another all-out raid on the Ruhr. In loading such a ship during the war stevedores wore rubber-soled shoes and handled the big bombs with kid gloves. The Jupiter's crew had to unload the bombs onto lighters which bounced and rolled in rough seas, and every once in a while one of the blockbusters would break loose and roll crashing in among the others.

Foundation's engineering experience proves an invaluable salvage aid when ships upset or run aground in harbors. Not days but 27 months elapsed before the wreck of the CPR's 14,000-ton Beaverhill could be cleared from a reef in the harbor at Saint John, N.B., because of the powerful and peculiar currents which swirl through the harbor. Crack U. S. divers who had worked on the Normandie refused the assignment, but Foundation-trained Canadian divers did the job working in pairs, one man holding the other steady in the swirling tides. Finally the already broken ship was halved; the stern section was refloated, carted far out to sea and dumped, while the bow was blown to pieces and scattered across the harbor bottom.

Saint John citizens were glad to see the last of the Beaverhill, which had disrupted harbor ferry service for two years, but many of them missed the little work launch that chuffed about the job, proudly flaunting the name Foundation Garment. The Beaverhill job cost the CPR's indemnity underwriters \$1 million.

It's a Dash-and-Grab Job

The salvage jobs which really make headlines, of course, are the "forced draught" rescues on the high seas. An epic in that class was written in 1948 by the Foundation Josephine in her hurricane-tossed adventures with the 7,000-ton British freighter Leicester (see picture on page 20).

A mid-September storm so battered the Leicester in the North Atlantic that her ballast shifted, giving her a 50-degree list, her lifeboats were smashed and her crew plunged overboard when high waves would not allow lifeboats from a passing ship to come close alongside.

Foundation Josephine and her smaller sister, Foundation Lillian, hunted the derelict for seven days, crisscrossing 12,000 square miles of Atlantic Ocean before they tracked her down. Towing her 750 miles to Bermuda took the Josephine another six days, for the freighter kept sheering widely. Twenty-four hours a day acetylene-torch crews

stood by on the Josephine's afterdeck ready to cut the steel towing cable instantly should Leicester roll over and threaten the tug with a swift plunge to the bottom.

The two vessels were scarcely anchored safely in Bermuda when another hurricane struck, throwing both of them high on the rocks—the Josephine so high that her crew walked ashore. The Foundation men got the Leicester refloated first, then went to work to salvage the Josephine, being hired by her underwriters to salvage their own boat. And while a New York tug was hauling the twice-rescued freighter the rest of the way to the U. S. a third hurricane struck and the luckless Leicester almost had to send out distress calls again. Even this wouldn't have surprised Foundation of Canada, which had previously restored another ship to the sea lanes after three maritime mishaps in a row.

Foundation's president had to learn a lot about the dash-and-grab tactics of the salvage game in a hurry after he bought his first tugboat, often doing his own negotiating with Lloyd's agents by telephone to New York and Halifax while the Franklin was steaming to a wreck. But with his knack for surrounding himself with good men in all departments Chadwick soon had as vice-president and general manager of Foundation Maritime Limited one Eddie M. Woolcombe. The Maritime division does construction work as well as salvage and Eddie Woolcombe is a happy combination of a graduate civil engineer who has also the seagoing knowledge of a lieutenant-commander in the RCNR. In his job he has also developed the special skills of a master spy (he operates a network of light-house keepers, town clerks and fishing skippers, spotted along the coast to flash him word when ships run aground) and a writer adept at that restrained yet heartrending form of literature the salvage brief.

Back at Foundation headquarters in Montreal, First Sea Lord Chadwick stands ever ready to back up Admirals Woolcombe and Featherstone in any hot salvage action that breaks. And he's always ready to dope out the engineering tricks needed to beat such tough jobs as the righting of the motor vessel Maurienne, which burned and rolled over in Halifax harbor the same week as an identical fate struck her big sister the Normandie in New York.

However, Foundation's top boss has never joined his salvage crews on any high-seas assignments like the Leicester epic, perhaps deterred by the experience of the landlubber who once did board the Josephine for a jaunt and was gone for two months. This is probably just as well for the peace of mind of all Chadwick's loyal, loving and sometimes distracted staff, because who knows how carried away the Chief might get while far from land?

Still well remembered is the time Foundation was repairing erosion to a small dam on the Grand River, at Paris, Ont., many years ago, and the Chief was dissatisfied with the diver's reports of the trouble below. Finally he pulled on a diving outfit and climbed down to see for himself. Chadwick prowled about until he'd satisfied himself as to the situation, then, with that off his mind and subconsciously relaxed by the soothing presence on all sides of his favorite element, he calmly went to sleep in the deep.

Might be there yet, had not some bold soul topside finally mustered nerve enough to call to the Chief's attention that for once in his life he'd gone to sleep on the job. ★

(This article ends a two-part series.)



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Lusty Lord of the Desert

Continued from page 18

the monarch still eats in the old Arab fashion, dipping his fingers into huge salvers of mutton and rice and deftly extracting sheep's eyes, a desert delicacy, as if they were raisins.

And his 10-course banquets (all the courses are usually mutton except for the last one of huge watermelon) are washed down with nothing more intoxicating than coffee, sour milk and distilled sea water.

He has had to tread carefully in his brushes with tradition. When the time came to string a telephone wire between the holy city of Mecca and the seaport town of Jidda the religious courts objected. Ibn Saud solved the problem by having the Koran read as the first message over the line—"What hath Allah wrought?"

Then there is the story of Eve's tomb. This marble monument, representing the navel of man's original ancestors, had for centuries been visited by childless women who touched it for a small fee and prayed to it as a sign of fertility.

Ibn Saud regarded these goings-on as sheer idolatry, but he dared not take immediate drastic action. Instead the king forbade the rites and put a policeman on duty at the spot in place of the haglike "priestesses" of the cult. After a few years the practice died out and only then was it safe to smash the marble navel and cast it into the sea. The site was made into a common cemetery.

Night Attack for an Empire

The Wahhabi sect came into being early in the 18th century when Ibn Saud's great-great-grandfather gave sanctuary to a primitive reformer named Mohammed Ibn Abdul Wahhab. The resultant merger of preaching and militarism enabled the Saud clan to dominate in Arabia for more than 200 years.

But the Saud fortune was at an ebb and the family in exile in 1900 when the 20-year-old future monarch gathered a band of 40 riders together and descended on the oasis garrison of Riyadh in a night attack. The garrison fell and Ibn Saud proclaimed the restoration of the empire. Since then the scimitared green flag of the Wahhabis has been the flag of the country and Riyadh the capital.

The monarch's early years were marked by bitter wars and desert rivalries. In 1919 he annihilated the army of King Abdullah of Transjordan, who is still his bitter enemy.

But he had a rival for Arab leadership in old King Hussein of Mecca, the father of Abdullah. The British had decided after the "Arab Awakening" of World War I to back Hussein as supreme Arab leader and Saud found himself figuratively locked up in the desert by the other Arab countries.

Suave old Hussein was the very antithesis of Ibn Saud. He clad himself in rich gold-brocaded garments and wore a silk turban. He spoke immaculate literary Arabic and was accounted a conversationalist and a scholar. Ibn Saud, who still wears his plain Arab *kafiyah* instead of a turban, uses Arab as a blunt rather than a musical instrument.

In 1924 Hussein proclaimed himself caliph, or spiritual leader of Arab Moslems, and adopted the title of "King of all the Arabic Countries."

This was too much for Ibn Saud. His fierce untutored Wahhabi tribesmen swept down from their desert strongholds to Hussein's seacoast kingdom of Hedjaz. They seized Mecca (where

they sold looted pearls in the market places for a few pennies). Hussein fled ingloriously.

Ibn Saud's sense of humor, chief redeeming feature of his otherwise sombre personality, demonstrated itself on this occasion. When some emissaries of Egypt called on him after his capture of Mecca he gave them exactly the same gifts they had earlier given Hussein, left behind by the latter in his flight.

After taking Mecca Ibn Saud subjected the nearby town of Jidda on the seacoast to a long bombardment. He captured the city and completed his conquest of Hussein's land.

Almost at once the new monarch found he had to compromise with his religion. His first action on proclaiming himself King of Hedjaz was to order the confiscation and destruction of all tobacco stocks in the city. But when it was pointed out to him that the tobacco merchants would suffer a \$500,000 loss, he rescinded the order and closed his eyes to tobacco sales.

Four years later he had more trouble with his Wahhabi followers. After an undeclared war with Iraq, in which the Wahhabis fought the British armored cars and airplanes of Glubb Pasha's Arab Legion, Ibn Saud halted the fighting to settle the boundary dispute by peaceful means. The Wahhabis accused him of treating with "infidels" and raised a full-scale revolt. Saud had to crush it with another army.

In 1932 Saud joined conquered Hedjaz with his own inland domain of Nejd to form Saudi Arabia. In 1933, with his country almost bankrupt, he granted the first oil leases. It was this act which was to lead him 12 years later to the deck of a U. S. cruiser where his hands, still sticky from a banquet of mutton and rice, clasped those of Roosevelt and Churchill and helped further the fortunes of his empire of oil.

But the oil-inspired modernization of Saudi Arabia has just begun. Despite the filtered water, radio sets, air conditioning and medical services, improvements are mainly at the top layer of Arab society and most life goes on the old, old way.

Westerners still haven't got over the initial shock of some of the things they have seen in Ibn Saud's land. The law of an eye for an eye still prevails.

A great many Arabs, some in high places, only have one hand because of the penalty for petty theft. All that Western progress has accomplished is to see that the axe is sterilized and the victim anaesthetized before the penal operation.

Young Girls Sell at \$100

Ibn Saud's 5 million subjects are still predominately illiterate and suffer from malnutrition and disease. Americans have been critical of the monarch's administrative ways: Despite his annual \$50 million oil royalty his first budget in Arab history allocated 27% for the army and only 15% for education.

Together with neighboring Yemen, Arabia is the only slave-trading country left in the world. More than a million and a half persons—mainly women—are slaves, brought from the Sudan, Somaliland and Ethiopia. Young girls can still be bought for an average \$100 at the slave market. The traffic is the result of the Koran's teaching on sex; some Arabian women have been married 18 and 20 times with six times as an average.

The monarch's own polygamous ways are hardly a good example. He literally obeys the Koranic rule that no believer may have more than four wives—that is, four at one time. No one knows how many wives he has had

altogether but he is credited with at least 40 sons and an uncounted number of unimportant daughters.

The King's Murabba Palace, outside the clay-walled oasis of Riyadh, which a few years ago stood in solitary splendor, is now surrounded by an entire royal settlement housing the hundreds of progeny, uncles, cousins and in-laws who are living proof that the clan of Saud is fruitful and flourishing.

In his younger days Saud traveled with only three of his current wives, leaving the fourth place open for any likely looking maiden encountered en route. His recent marriages have been mainly affairs of state. It is said that he never quite got over the death of Juahara, his cousin and favorite of all his wives who bore his sixth and seventh sons, Mohammed and Khalid.

Ibn Saud will be 70 this year. In the winter of his life he is still a tall regal presence whose plain wooden cane and dark, steel-rimmed glasses contrast incongruously with the flowing white *galabia* and gold headdress he wears on formal occasions.

Churchill Hid his Cigar

His dedication to Wahhabi puritanism makes him an exceedingly complex being. The man who as a boy purposely stooped because he was ashamed of his great height is a strange combination of pugnacity and religion, of asceticism and extravagance. His great voice booms or whispers with equal effectiveness.

Although his retinue and visitors gorge themselves on mutton, game, poultry, rice and fruit at his gargantuan feasts he himself eats little and prefers to talk, calling his victims to the head of the table to listen. He makes his points like a debater, sipping an endless flow of sweet thick Arab coffee as he talks. In a land of fabulous coffee drinkers he more than holds his own. He is uncomfortable at tea parties and at a recent one, given by Mrs. H. St. John Philby, wife of his British adviser, could hardly wait to break away from a covey of admiring European women to return to his harem and his coffee.

He is a man of swiftly altering moods. His overpowering rages are likened by his associates to the shrieking black sandstorms that torment the desert. Some years ago he went into a rage when the new radio transmitters he had bought for Mecca and Riyadh failed to work. During the Ethiopian war he paced his tent in a state of supreme fury for days at a time, demanding to know when Britain and France would intervene against Mussolini.

He is alert to world affairs. Each evening he and his sons and advisers confer on the state of Arabia and the world. He listens faithfully to the radio and now, for the first time, his radio stations are being used for foreign broadcasting. Characteristically, the five-hour program of Radio Mecca consists entirely of prayers and Koranic commentary. All mere entertainment, including music, is barred.

He is a conscientious Moslem. He prays at least three times a day. During these prayer periods the gates of his capital city Riyadh are shut tight to the world. Because he is a Wahhabi he does not make merry and feast at the end of the all-day fasting which marks the holy month of Ramadan. Unlike the rest of the Arab world the Wahhabis go on into night-long prayer services.

Wahhabis wear no gold, silk or ornaments and the king breaks this rule only when he dons gold headdress on state occasions.

Tobacco cannot be smoked in his presence and during the 1945 conference the Roosevelt cigarette holder and Churchill cigar were not produced.

Essentially, Ibn Saud is still a Bedouin chieftain at heart. He has never forgotten his heritage. Although he has palaces at Riyadh, Mecca, Jidda and Hofuf he leaves them all for several months each year to camp in the desert. He lives in a tent, goes hunting gazelle and bustards. He has been known to bag more than 100 of these animals in a single day. He once told a friend that if he didn't live in history he was sure to be remembered in natural science. In his hunting days he discovered a new subspecies, which has been named after him, *gazella Saudiya*.

On these expeditions he indulges in his favorite sport of falconry and helps train purebred Arab stallions. These horses are his most usual gift to foreign dignitaries and are accompanied by fine-tempered Arab swords with jeweled and gold filigreed scabbards and by richly embroidered desert robes.

He loves firearms and when a consignment is bought he tests them personally. He can handle a machine gun as well as a rifle.

While the king is camped in the desert troops of Bedouin horsemen often come charging up over the sand dunes, brandishing rifles over their heads to pay homage and deliver tribute in the form of camels. But the ageing monarch rides no longer. His royal cavalcades to Mecca and Jidda are thoroughly motorized and he goes on hunting expeditions by auto, sitting in the front seat of a large Mercedes. Lately he has been importing automobiles so that pilgrims may journey to Mecca in style.

As a Bedouin Ibn Saud has a deep-seated respect for desert law. He invoked the Bedouin rule of sanctuary to give shelter to Rashid Ali al Qilani, leader of the 1941 profascist revolt in neighboring Iraq. And he is ready to do so again for the former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem no matter what political repercussions may be in both the Arab and non-Arab worlds.

Yet despite his Bedouin ties, the monarch, ever since he came to power, has been gradually transforming the system of nomadism, with its emphasis on grazing and livestock, into a semi-agricultural society with the Bedouins settled on the land as farmers. This half-agricultural, half-military existence, with its religious inspiration, has brought an end to raiding and tribal warfare and this has achieved a large degree of stability in Saudi Arabia.

Today Ibn Saud is sitting on one of the world's greatest oil deposits (estimated reserves: 9 billion barrels). Yet his country, richer than any neighbor, has not yet advanced very far agriculturally or industrially.

But an even greater challenge to the would-be developers of the Middle East than the modernization of any single country is the formation of an over-all, integrated Middle East economic pattern in which Arabian and Iraq oil, Syrian wheat, Jordan fruit and granite and Egyptian manufacturing would play mutually beneficial parts.

Ibn Saud's bitter rival, old King Abdullah of Transjordan, still clings desperately to the ruins of his Arab League, shattered in the war with Israel. He and Iraq's rulers still talk wishfully of a "Greater Syria"—a political union of Arab countries.

But the rivalry—not to say enmity—between the rulers of Jordan and Iraq on one hand, and Ibn Saud on the other, makes political union difficult. Saud's defeat of Abdullah in 1919 and of King Hussein in 1924 still rankles. Hussein was a Hashimite, as



are the rulers of Iraq and Jordan. The desert sands have soaked up too much blood to permit a real rapprochement between the stern Hashimites and the ruling Sauds.

But, though political union doesn't seem possible, economic co-operation does. Ibn Saud has chosen a Westward-leading path. Recently he formed an alliance with late Husni el-Ziam, the military dictator of Syria (executed in a recent coup) and with King Farouk of Egypt. These three were the first of the Arab leaders to learn the lessons of the Palestine war—and to concede that perhaps the state of Israel had come to stay. Saud and Farouk will certainly be among the first to make economic and political agreements with the Israelis and to co-operate in any program of economic development for the Middle East.

Already Ibn Saud's plentiful supply of U. S. dollars has had one good effect outside his own country. In the future,

Egypt will be able to pay pilgrims' fees of about \$6 millions annually in manufactured goods rather than cash. In a second arrangement Arabia is to supply Egypt with dollars for purchase abroad.

Thus a combination of Syrian agricultural resources, Egyptian cotton mills, and Arabian "black gold" seems to be developing. When to this combination are added the European methods, the energy and inventiveness, and the large purchasing power of 1 million or more Israelis, the outlines of an integrated Middle East begin to appear.

Such a Middle East, with improved living standards, would be a stauncher barrier to possible Communist encroachment than any army or air force that could be mustered in the area.

Abdul Aziz Ibn Abdulrahman Ibn Faisal Ibn Saud and his Arabia have come a long way since the meeting with Roosevelt and Churchill on an Ameri-

can warship in 1945. There is a long way still to go.

As he nears 70 Ibn Saud has given increasing attention to putting his affairs in order. The present eldest son, Saud, has been designated heir, but the second son, Feisal, Saudi Arabia's foreign minister and representative at international meetings and oil company negotiations abroad, is also an important figure. Ibn Saud's succession may well be a triumvirate consisting of his two sons and his brother Abdullah.

Yet although the standing and power of the Saud clan has never been higher in 200 years it is undoubted that the peace of Ibn Saud the old Bedouin depends primarily on his own immense personal prestige. It is a prestige that comes from awe, rather than love, and despite all the careful preparations made to perpetuate it, it may not outlive him. For that, too, is a Bedouin tradition. ★

I Survived a Heart Attack

Continued from page 5

with small kit in my haversack according to regulations.

I next became aware of the medical officer asking me something I could not fully comprehend—he was an indistinct figure in a mist of pain and suffering I never dreamed man could endure. Hands fumbled at the buttons of my uniform shirt; they were doing something to me, what, I neither knew nor cared. Suddenly this tough, hard-boiled Army doctor had his arm around my shoulder telling me in a gentle voice he knew the extent of my pain and would take care of me.

I was hurried out of the office, hospital-bound with an orderly on each side of me.

At the hospital receiving room a doctor accompanied by an orderly entered. He took one look at me, felt my pulse, then told the orderly not to leave me alone for a second. A nurse came in with a hypodermic syringe. I felt the prick of the needle and she, too, was gone. Back came the doctor, this time with a colleague. Window shades were drawn and my eyes examined; whatever they found seemed to convince them beyond any doubt.

Six husky orderlies entered. The top was quickly removed from an operating room stretcher and I was gently laid upon it. Evidently I was to be taken to a ward upstairs for one orderly expressed doubt at being able to carry me up the winding staircase in safety. His opinion was that, if I could walk the first half to the turn in the stairs, they could take it safely from there. The doctor's reply was short and sharp: I was unable to walk another step and it would be too bad if they dropped me.

I was put into a screened bed with a nursing sister on one side and an orderly on the other; they had orders never to leave me alone.

For the next while—days, hours, I don't know—I was kept dazed with hypodermic injections.

As the morphine fog slowly cleared and things took on a normal perspective I found my bed had been adjusted to a sitting position. I was ordered not to move; if I wanted to change my position it would be done for me. When a bowl of soup was brought in an orderly tied a bib under my chin and fed me.

All visitors were forbidden except my wife. Arrangements were made for her to stay in the garrison, with the right of entry to the hospital at any time while I was on the dangerously ill list.

Right here I must pay tribute to the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. I was a buck private, yet I was given care and attention which could not have been surpassed for the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Unfit for further military service I was transferred to a veterans' hospital by ambulance and placed under the care of a heart specialist. I shall never forget the first electrocardiogram he ordered taken. This is a graph from a machine which records impulses of the heart. As the machine was in operation the technician looked across at me and said in an awed voice, "Brother, are you going to be here a long time."

What exactly had happened to me?

Look out for Business Worry

The heart is a muscle for pumping blood to the body. The coronary arteries circle it as a crown circles a head (Corona is Latin for crown). They supply oxygenated blood to the heart. Arterial degeneration causes the walls of these arteries to thicken, thus lessening the blood flow. Eventually a blood clot or thrombus may suddenly form, blocking the circulation to a small area of the heart muscle. The sudden stoppage in the blood supply results in agonizing pain. This wears off and, as the days go by, the area without circulation is replaced by scar tissue. Other arteries aid in the repair by taking over part of the duties of the defunct artery. Thus with time there may be a good recovery. But the degree of damage depends on the size of the artery where the blockage occurs and the amount of tissue which loses its blood supply. If the blockage of the coronary arteries is a total one immediate death is inevitable.

Today, coronary thrombosis is more frequent among middle-aged men than it was at the turn of the century. It is more prevalent among professional men than among laborers. Doctors, lawyers and busy executives are its No. 1 prospects. The nervous, energetic man, full of business worries and the strain of meeting competition, working too hard and unable to relax, usually falls heir to this legacy of modern living. If he's lucky enough to survive the initial assault (as I was) long months of complete rest with no excitement or strain must follow. Then he must learn to rehabilitate himself in an entirely new mode of life.

This was the task that now faced me.

My heart was causing me more trouble with each succeeding day in the veterans' hospital. The agonizing pain across my chest left me breathless

and gasping. Now a new symptom had appeared, that which medical men term "extra systoles." These are missed heartbeats, considered neither dangerous nor significant, in a normal heart, but the vicious kick felt in the chest after each miss and the succeeding registering beat of the heart unnerved me still further. With each attack my fear grew.

It was now midsummer. The other occupants of the ward were out on the hospital lawns and I was alone many hours each day. My wife had long since returned to our home 500 miles away to care for our four children. No visitors came to see me.

I feared and dreaded the long nights. My inability to sleep had worn my nerves to a point where I feared I would crack up completely and die. Each evening after supper I would sweat and pray for the blessing of sleep. At lights out the sister would administer a hypo. I would wait frantically for it to take effect, only to wake again in the early hours of the morning.

I sank lower and lower, neither eating nor sleeping. I was ashamed to tell my troubles for fear of being thought cowardly. If I was asked how I felt I invariably replied, "Okay." If the night staff made the rounds by flashlight to see if everyone was sleeping I would play possum. I reached my lowest ebb.

I wrote what I really thought was to be my last letter and marked the envelope, "To be opened in the event of my death." My will was made out in my Army paybook, but I had several personal matters to take care of. I hid the letter in the drawer of my bedside table. Several days later I hesitantly told one of the sisters whom I trusted about the letter and asked her if she would see that it was forwarded and that my watch and other belongings went to my family.

She looked at me calmly and, with true sympathy, skilfully got me talking about my deepest fears. She made me understand how fear was slowly driving me into the grave, and that I would never leave the hospital alive unless I changed my mental attitude.

She gently pointed out that, even though I would always have a heart condition, it was my duty to live with it sensibly. That evening I crammed my supper down, all of it. That night I still couldn't sleep but, instead of lying awake sweating, I planned how I would write this story. I began to teach myself to forget worrying about the present and to lose myself in contemplation.

And so, with a changed attitude, I began to convalesce. In the slow

months that followed I learned to walk again and finally left for home.

As the train pulled out of the city station I worried—suppose I had an attack on the train where no doctor was available? But I thrust the thought away—I had come too far along the road back to falter now.

Almost nine years have passed since all this happened. I have had many periods of hospitalization both in DVA institutions and my hometown hospital, ranging from a few days to months. I still get attacks of agonizing pain across the chest and down the arm at intervals. They come upon me with the same old startling suddenness.

Some Thought I Was Drunk

I have been seized with them in church. I thoroughly ruined the family's Christmas one year when I decided I would attend the Christmas morning service. I had to be rushed by car to the hospital. I had a hypodermic for my Christmas dinner; all my wife's preparations for the holidays were spoiled. Our children were too young to understand what it was all about, but they certainly knew something had happened.

Once I had to be rescued in the middle of an attack on the street by the chief of police. Some people must have thought I was drunk.

While on the street one day I suddenly became unwell. Being close to a doctor's office I thought the logical thing to do would be to drop in and see him, rather than attempt the trip home. It was still wartime and the doctor had a long string of patients waiting to see him. I waited, and waited, getting worse with each passing minute. Finally when my turn came I collapsed into a chair in his office unable to utter a word. Carefully checking my pulse he made the terse announcement "You're having angina." His flustered nurse, dazed at my audacity in having a heart attack in the office, was giving me a hypo. Jabbing home the syringe she pulled off the barrel, spilling the drug on the floor and leaving me with the needle in my arm.

Doctors tell me my first attack was the only occurrence of coronary thrombosis. My present trouble is angina pectoris, caused by short blood supply to the heart. Definite electrocardiographic evidence has been established of myocardial sclerosis (hardening of the heart muscle).

The interesting question could be raised—why did my arteries degenerate? Why me, and not you, for instance? Doctors have no exact answer to this riddle. As I was only 38 when struck down (average age of victims is 50) the specialists gave me a thorough going-over looking for the cause. All I know is the opinion of one cardiologist, that I must have been persistently "overdoing it" for years.

I Don't Talk "Operations"

How long will I live? I suppose I can expect a 50th birthday, but there are too many uncertain factors to set a definite limit. And the old saw, that creaking doors hang longest, seems to hold good here. As one doctor put it, people with heart conditions just have to know how to look after themselves, consequently outlive the apparently healthy.

I keep regularly in touch with my doctor. Any time I do not quite feel up to the mark I call him. This is the way he wants it. He would rather come and stave off trouble before it gets a head start than have me undergo the exertion of a trip to his office with

possible unpleasant consequences.

I take very few pills of any sort. I usually carry a few 1/100 grain tablets of nitroglycerin for an emergency. These have no value whatever in an attack of extreme pain; at such times only morphine gives me relief.

My greatest trouble still is sleeping. Many nights a month I prow around the house. A tightness around my chest leaves me short of breath and unable to lie down. That, or a hacking, dry cough, another relic of my heart condition, are among the principal causes of my sleeplessness. Often when I am just at the point of drifting off to sleep the jar of a very pronounced extrasystole (the missed heartbeat already mentioned) will cause me to almost jump out of bed.

I make it a personal point to avoid discussions of heart conditions, especially with other sufferers. When I feel well I wish to live as normal a life as possible and forget that heart conditions exist.

I have many physical limitations. For instance, I avoid climbing stairs unless it absolutely must be done. If there is no elevator I go very carefully and slowly, resting when I feel the need. My doctor has made it very clear that I must never attempt to walk anywhere unless I'm sure I can make the return journey just as easily. Hunting is forbidden. Lifting heavy weights is certain way to get me into trouble. Immediately after meals or first thing in the morning are very poor times for exertion. On waking I must lie still a while before moving; there appears to be some transition necessary in the body from the sleeping to the waking stage. I can tie my own shoes, yet I cannot bend over for too long without almost fainting.

There's a Time for Stiles

I live in The Pas, beyond the 53rd parallel in northern Manitoba, where extreme temperatures are reached in midwinter. In that season I must exercise care and caution. Doctors have warned me to stay undercover and off the streets when the bottom drops out of the thermometer. I avoid being alone in the streets very late at night.

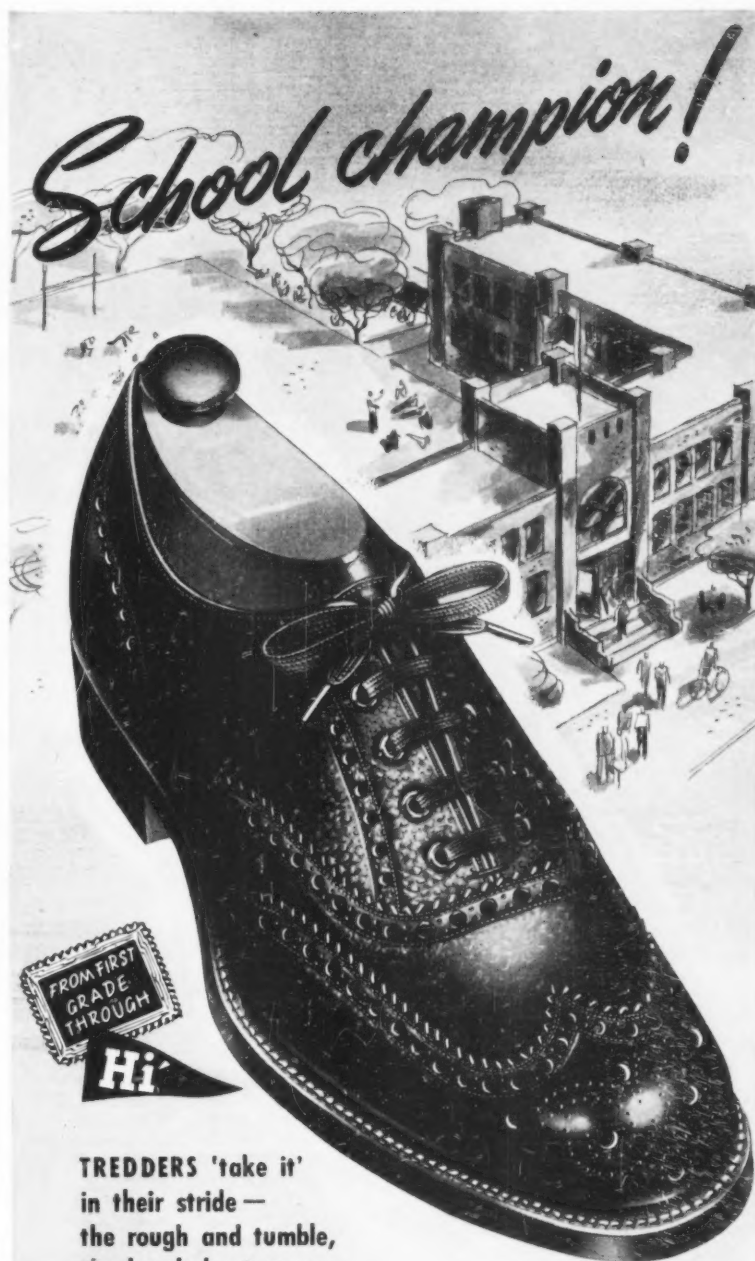
I could not truthfully say my condition has worsened in the past nine years, but I tire much quicker than I did four years or so ago. Any kind of exertion tires me in a very short time, leaving me breathless. Even mental concentration takes its toll. I must control my emotions as giving way to extreme anger or any high excitement can bring on an attack.

I try not to let my children see me during an attack. My instinct is still the same as the first day I was taken ill—to hide myself either in the privacy of my bedroom or in the hospital.

There is but one thing to add. When I was discharged from DVA hospital I was certified by the Medical Board as totally unfit and given 100% pension. I recently returned home from the periodic medical checkup given all pensioners knowing that my pension was to be continued at the same rate.

This is my story of what a heart attack did to me. What would happen if I had another attack of coronary thrombosis? Well, I don't want to think about that. I don't worry about the future—there's no use trying to jump stiles until you reach them.

I enjoy life—books, music, good movies, home, family, the companionship of my wife. I have a handicap, certainly, but with the memories of my hospital days comes the realization many others are worse off than I. So why throw the gifts of the gods back in their faces? ★



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Confessions of a Lady Smuggler

Continued from page 17

with the brass buttons. "You're the lousiest smuggler I've ever seen."

My husband paid the customs and didn't let on for a long time that he hadn't got away with it. This experience prompted him to check with a friend of his, a lawyer, on the usual penalty given petty smugglers who land in court. He passed the information solemnly along to me, obviously hoping I would reform. What he learned was that you had to pay twice the value of the smuggled article, plus a minimum fine of \$50 and costs which usually ran about \$15.

The lawyer told him of a client who had been caught smuggling cigarettes through in rubber containers, built to fit close to the insides of his legs. He was making a business out of bringing cigarettes across and was so successful that he became greedy. He began to fill his pockets with them and, of course, he was caught. He pleaded not guilty in court and was acquitted. How did he get away with it? Easy. He went right back across the river the same day he was arrested, bought exactly the same number of cigarettes of the same brand and paid duty on them. The date was the same as his charge and no one could prove that the customs receipt was not for the smuggled consignment.

The business of having special containers built is too deliberately larcenous for my taste, though I know a woman who has had special pockets built into her overcoat. But there are many simpler well-tried smuggling methods well-known to Windsor women, and the customs inspectors too.

The Detroiters Smuggle Too

The satin inner sleeves of fur coats are good places to stow a deck of cigarettes. I know a girl who never comes across without a carton on each sleeve. During the ban on U. S. green-stuffs two years ago she came to my door one night and said, "I've just been across the river and I brought you a present." With this she began to tug at her sleeves and produced a bunch of celery from one and a head of lettuce from the other.

Another girl I know brought back a head of lettuce during this time by cutting it in two and wearing the halves as falsies.

Fancy hats are a good place to hide small objects, though I think the greatest boon to women smugglers was the old-fashioned bloomers we used to wear. The passing of this undergarment set smuggling back 10 years in my opinion.

Diaper bags are good hiding places still, though. I have a friend in Detroit who took a whole silver tea service across in a baby carriage under a pile of dirty diapers. Yes, Detroit women smuggle too when they find something that's cheaper in Canada.

Another dodge that is safe and almost as highly regarded and respected as motherhood itself is to pretend you are pregnant. I've often brought pillows across that way, stuffed into the front of my dress. I once brought a ham back.

Garter belts, light girdles (full-dress corsets are no good) and, in a pinch, a stout cord tied around your middle are splendid for hanging loot on. The cord can be used as a clothesline over which you can drape anything like gloves or stockings that will lie flat.

If you're slim you can carry shoes under a girdle by putting the toes

down along your hips and turning the heels into your body so they lie fairly flat.

Women come in such queer and assorted shapes that almost anything goes provided the officials don't see too many straight lines where there should be curves. Flat-chested women have a helpful margin to work on. They can build themselves up with contraband until they have figures that are not only illegal but quite exciting.

Cake boxes are fine too. The inspectors will rarely bother to look in a box of pastry you are bringing over from Detroit for dinner.

But the best friend a petty smuggler like myself has is a rainy day. This means you can wear galoshes over new shoes and a loose raincoat to cover any illicit bulges.

When I'm bringing over dresses I always take the U. S. labels out. Later I change the slide on the zipper for one made in Canada.

One of my biggest ventures (my husband refers to it as a "job") was when I brought three evening dresses across, wearing all of them at once.

A friend in New York, who is the same size as myself and a lot better off, wrote and told me she was sending me these three dresses; they were still very much in style but she was tired of them. They were mailed to me at general delivery in Detroit.

Don't Talk to Strangers

A Windsor girl friend, whom I had persuaded to wear evening clothes, and I drove across the river in her car. I wore an old dress under my evening wrap. This dress I discarded in the washroom of a hotel and put on the three dresses one over the other. Then we drove around town feeling a little silly, waiting for a plausible time to go home in fancy clothes.

The timing is important. Rush hours are obviously best. Late or early the inspectors have more time (for they work hard) to look you over, more time to get suspicious, and more time to question you. Even during rush hours they have what we call "zero hours" when whole busloads are examined.

As we drove around I became worried and began to wonder how I looked so we drove out to Belle Isle, an amusement park. My friend stopped the car and I got out and paraded in front of the headlights.

I had finished this alfresco fashion show—on which I received a passing mark from my friend—when a man came out of the shadows. He was a Detroit policeman who had been observing the performance. When he saw the Ontario license he grinned and said: "Okay, lady. I hope you get away with it."

While reputable Detroit shopkeepers won't fake sales slips or anything like that they are helpful. They seem to be pulling for us. Many of them will take labels out of clothes and scratch up soles of shoes for you.

It's wise not to talk too much to strangers when you are across the river shopping. You don't know who might be an informer. There are times when the women's washrooms of Detroit stores get quite a play as dressing rooms for Canadian women and I've often been scrutinized by strangers in a way that made me nervous, but I've never been turned in. As a matter of fact, I've never been caught.

I was in a Detroit men's wear shop buying Christmas presents one year when I saw a sweater that I wanted for my husband. "Take it, why don't you?" the clerk said. "You go back there and try it on under your suit and I'll tell you honestly how you look."

When I came back after putting it on he looked at me and said, "Okay, when are you going to put on the sweater?" I laughed and reached for my bag. "You win," I said. I got it through, too.

There was a woman the other day who wasn't so lucky though. She was bringing an alarm clock back in her bag and as she was telling the customs she had nothing to declare the thing started to ring. She had to pay. I think he should have let her get away with it. After all!

I always seem to know when I'm going to be stopped and searched. Unfortunately I don't get this feeling until I am actually approaching the customs barrier, but I always get it and other women have told me they do too. Maybe smuggling develops another sense.

That's probably why Windsor women, when they are talking about smuggling—and we talk about it a great deal—devote considerable discussion to what might be called "the approach." It's pretty generally agreed among my friends that the best is a natural, casual attitude. If you're nervous the inspectors are going to be suspicious, and if you are arrogant and say things like "Look here, my man" they are going to get sore.

Some women try flirting. I'm not glamorous enough to do that. Besides, it doesn't work. But you mustn't be too casual. The success of the approach is something that depends on your own personality and the state of the inspector's digestion.

I made an important discovery about the proper approach a few years ago and it got me out of a tight spot. I had been in New York for 10 days and was bringing home three suitcases filled with clothes for a cousin who was going to be married. I was loaded.

I was traveling by bus and when we crossed the border into Canada at Niagara Falls the Canadians were asked to get out and go through customs. I misunderstood the instructions and when the inspector came through and sealed the Americans' luggage, including my own, for the trip through Canadian territory I didn't say anything—I got the idea that I was somehow going to escape inspection. When I told the driver once we had started again I was bound for Windsor he said that was too bad because I would have to go past Canadian customs into U. S. territory and back into Canada again since my luggage was in bond.

To Keep the Kids Quiet

I became worried then because coming through from Detroit with three big bags could be difficult for a Windsor resident. Besides, I didn't have enough money to pay the customs on the clothes I had even if I did declare them which I had no intention of doing.

In talking to the girl sharing my seat I mentioned what was bothering me. She gave me some advice. "Whatever you do," she said, "handle the bags yourself. The inspectors aren't porters and it annoys them when people expect them to handle luggage. I know because my brother works in customs."

It was a hot day and I struggled manfully with the bags as I started back through Canadian customs. I dragged them up on the counter and opened them ready for inspection. The inspector picked up an evening coat and I volunteered brightly that I had been in New York seeing some shows. He asked me what ones. He punched some of the tissue paper without lifting it and then came around the counter and helped me carry the bags through the

barrier. It's a good thing he did because I was limp from the strain.

Another time my husband, the children and I drove over the river for the afternoon and we met a girl I know who had just bought a complete new spring outfit. She wasn't very good about smuggling and had lost her nerve about bringing it back. I offered to help and said I would wear some of the clothes for her and we would drive her home.

I could tell my husband didn't enjoy the prospect of harboring an extra criminal but he didn't protest. As we approached the tunnel I thought that if I could keep the children quiet this might ease his mind. A few days before a woman I know was approaching the customs barrier when her little girl shrieked, "Mummy, my new shoes are untied. Mummy, my new shoes . . ." I didn't want any breaks like that so I told the children, who were small then, that I would give them each a dime if they would play a game with us. The game was that neither of them was to speak, even if they were spoken to, until we were home. "Don't be a piker. Make it a dollar," my husband growled.

At the border the inspector looked into the car and asked us the usual questions, closed the door and turned away momentarily. Then he turned and came back and put his hand on the handle. I knew, and I guess we all knew, he had changed his mind and was going to ask us to get out to be examined. But before he could speak my husband saw, coming through the customs office door, an inspector he had known for years.

"Jack," he roared. "Imagine seeing you here."

Jack, a friendly man who seemed to agree that a customs office was a funny place to meet a customs inspector, went into the Dr. Livingston routine with charming sincerity and innocence. The original inspector stepped back and after Jack and my husband had definitely established the wonder of it all we drove through to Canada.

The bold frontal approach sometimes works. It did for the young son of friends of ours. He was visiting us after the war in which he served in the Canadian Navy. Coming back from Detroit with a sea bag full of dirty laundry, cigarettes and a radio, an inspector asked him what he had. He replied, "Just some dirty laundry, a radio and a lot of American cigarettes."

"Okay, sailor," said the inspector. "You haven't got anything or you wouldn't talk like that."

While it usually doesn't pay to get smart or try to get tough with a customs man I heard of a girl the other day who got away with it. She was asked to go inside for examination and when the woman customs inspector made a motion to search her, quite legitimately of course, this girl drew herself erect and said: "Don't you dare put your hands on me. I'll tell you if I have anything to declare." The inspector stopped her search. The girl said she had nothing to declare and went on through—with a load of loot.

Can a Slip Be Criminal?

The main reason for the decline in smuggling is the difficulty in getting American money. You can get \$150 legally each year and you can take \$10 U. S. and \$15 Canadian across at any time without a special permit. But there's no difficulty in getting Canadian funds changed into U. S. if you want to pay the 10% discount and a brokerage fee of 1%. There's a booth at the Detroit end of the bridge which will change it for you and there's usually a line-up of Windsorites at the foreign exchange wicket of the National

Bank in Detroit. A shoe is a favorite place to put extra money needed for shopping.

When women exchange smuggling stories (my husband who was overseas says they remind him of the bomb stories in London during the blitz—everyone had their favorite) there is one that often crops up. It's funny how many people have come to think that the incident actually happened to someone in their family.

It took place some years ago when the ferry between Windsor and Detroit was still operating. A man went across to Detroit wearing an old suit and bought a new one in the States. Coming home he took his package into a wash-room on the ferry, shed his old clothes and tossed them out the porthole. Then he opened his parcel and discovered that somehow his parcel had been mixed up with another and he was left with his underwear, shoes, and a child's Buster Brown suit.

Now that I've related some of my illicit escapades I must confess I'm a little shocked that I'm not shocked. But I still don't see anything wrong

with smuggling—not the kind I do. I don't see that it hurts anyone. You might point out, as my husband does, that it's against the law. Well, it's a foolish law and should be changed. I have to run a house and I'm taking any breaks or bargains I can get.

I suppose the lying and deception are immoral, and I must really think so because I try to keep the children from knowing too much about their mother's occasional freebooting. But I don't think the women of Windsor are any worse than women are anywhere because some of us occasionally smuggle a slip across the river. I don't exactly regard myself as a criminal type.

This is probably more contradiction, but we do respect the law and try to teach that respect to our children. We respect the customs inspectors and the job they are doing. That's even more contradictory, I guess. Yet coming across the river and past them with contraband has some of the excitement of a game for me.

Besides, those customs men aren't after people like me. They're there to catch crooks. ★

Foster Hewitt—Play-By-Playboy

Continued from page 9

voice only to developments of consequence. Thus, while the spectator absorbs the ragged and the brilliant, the listener hears only what is pertinent and significant. If it's a dull game the spectator is bored; the listener is entertained by its highlights.

Although Hewitt has been broadcasting hockey nationally for 20 years, employing all of the game's standard clichés ("It was a rousing first period with neither team asking quarter or giving it," "He had the goalkeeper at his mercy and made no mistake," "They came from behind in an uphill battle," etc.) the listening public, far from falling off through ennui, has increased annually, particularly in the United States which now, surveys show, has as many listeners as Canada.

He's Not the Man He Sounds

Hewitt does broadcasts in which his fee is waived to charity yet his price on his services chases more prospective sponsors whimpering back to their vice-presidents' chairs than anyone else's. Conversely, he turns down lucrative assignments on other sports because he says he feels the public gets enough of Hewitt on hockey ("We don't want to saturate the air"). Hewitt, when he is talking about himself, says "we" more frequently than "I."

It is doubtful if more than a small fraction of one per cent of the five million listeners would know Hewitt if they talked to him. His flamboyant voice with the trenchant tones of an evangelist belongs to an almost embarrassingly modest, retiring and colorless paradox.

Hewitt's conversational voice is not the voice Canada hears on Saturday. Inflections are similar but the volume and energy he puts into his broadcasts are missing.

"We speak from here," he explains, pointing to the base of his breastbone. "That's the only place we feel the effects of a broadcast, a dull pain here." His throat has never bothered him although there have been reports for years that he's had cancer. "There's never a trip around the country but what somebody doesn't sidle up to me, peer solicitously for a moment and then

soberly enquire about my throat. Why, one night one of the Leaf doctors took me aside and asked me if there was anything he could do!"

He is tremendously conscientious about his broadcasts. He used to lose up to 20 pounds over a season but right now, at 160, he weighs more than he ever did. By play-off time his nerves become so jumpy that he can't eat the day of a broadcast. He doesn't smoke or drink that day, either, indulges moderately at other times.

When he's working he leaves his long, narrow, picture-lined office on the third floor of Maple Leaf Gardens about 8 o'clock, goes down a flight of stairs to begin a long trek to his gondola. He opens six doors and climbs 89 concrete steps in a long, twisting trail which leads to the catwalks in the rafters.

The slender broadcasting booth is only 56 feet above the ice surface but seems much more than that. It is suspended directly over the rink-boards at mid-ice and offers an unobstructed view of the playing surface. When the Gardens was built in 1931 Foster selected the location because it was far enough away to give him an over-all picture of the action and close enough to permit instant recognition of the players. Hewitt uses the first period (which is not broadcast) to acquaint himself with the trend of play and the characteristics of new players. He uses no notes or diagrams, says he never refers to players' numbers for recognition purposes; rather, learns their styles and mannerisms. He works bare-headed, though wearing a topcoat, keeps a jar of mineral oil near him for occasional gargles. He makes a quick pass at the jar just before he goes on the air at the start of the second period, hunches low over his microphone and talks in a deliberate, unhurried manner, his jaw working feverishly.

A criticism that Hewitt frequently faces is that he is partial to the Toronto Maple Leafs. It is hissed by some that his excitement in reporting a Toronto goal far surpasses that which accompanies a goal by the visiting team and critics insist that even in these latter descriptions his enthusiasm is synthetic and forced.

Hewitt admits all this but denies it proves he is partial. "We let the game and the crowd carry us," he explains. "As the noise swells the voice rolls higher. If the play culminates in a goal the noise and the excitement are at such a pitch that the voice must

Continued on page 40



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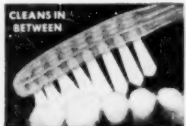
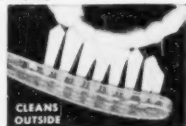
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Continued from page 38

reflect it. Since the vast majority of our games are done in Toronto it naturally follows that there is more excitement accompanying a Toronto goal. If the visiting team scores there is no such crowd reaction and in an effort to be fair and make one goal sound as exhilarating as the other the voice, which has not been lifted by the noise of the fans, quite possibly sounds artificial at times. It's an actual fact that we do the same thing in play-off games in Boston, say, or Detroit; we reach the most natural pitch in describing goals by the Bruins or the Red Wings."

Frank Boucher, manager of the New York Rangers, confirms this and, because numerous Ranger players come from the Winnipeg area, he is possibly more interested in the reaction to the broadcasts than most managers. "We don't want the Maple Leafs being sold to the kids of Manitoba to the exclusion of all other clubs," he says. "I think because Foster broadcasts only Toronto games that we're hurt, but I believe he's absolutely neutral in his descriptions."

Hewitt regards himself as an official must regard himself. He admits he has favorites but, like the referees, he feels he must be impartial. If players are hurt, he says, he must be tactful; he must neither condemn the offender or condone the offense.

"I try to sell hockey," he says, "the man who sells his product, not himself, is valuable to his sponsors."

Hewitt can sell a product, whether it's hockey (a game which he loves and attends whether or not he's working it), motor oil or binoculars. At one point in the war, the Royal Canadian Navy was short of binoculars and the Navy League tried several unsuccessful methods of raising them. Then the League asked Hewitt if he would try. He mentioned the need for glasses once. The response was so great that the Navy League had to ask him to tell the kind people to stop. In less than two weeks, 1,116 pairs were forwarded from all over Canada.

Doesn't Write for Critics

Hewitt declines to reveal his income; he says that anyone who makes less than \$100,000 a year is not a celebrity and that the income of anyone less than a celebrity is of no public interest. There are those who feel that he is a celebrity, however, and one of these, a friend of Hewitt's, estimates he is worth around \$250,000.

From various sources, it is possible to estimate his annual income from sports at \$25,000. An exact breakdown of this figure is impossible because, in return for the broadcasting concession, Hewitt splits his fees with the Gardens. These fees come from three major sources—a 15-minute sports roundup which he does every Friday night on a CBC sustaining program; his Saturday afternoon junior hockey broadcasts over CFRB, a Toronto independent; and the Saturday night coast-to-coasters over the CBC. In effect the stations and sponsors rent Foster's voice from the Garden, and the rent comes high—an approximate average of \$500 a game for each Saturday night NHL performance and \$200 a game for the afternoon Junior broadcasts.

Hewitt writes occasional magazine articles and has a 30,000-word book called "He Shoots, He Scores." At this writing the book has sold more than 14,500 copies, has been on the market five months. It follows an earlier book called "Down the Ice," a history of hockey written in 1933 which covered radio's place, coaching tips and player instruction. He denies reports his

books and articles are ghostwritten. He does not regard himself as an author and neither do critics who reviewed "He Shoots, He Scores." "The book wasn't written for the critics," he says off-handedly, "it was written for boys."

Any discussion of the Hewitt income must necessarily include his interest in mining in Northern Ontario and in oil drilling in Alberta because he says he realizes more from these than from his broadcasting. He owns a considerable amount of stock in Maple Leaf Gardens.

Hewitt is not what might be called one of the boys. He doesn't frequent the bar or club which often becomes a forum for sports writers, promoters, the occasional retired hockey player and devotees of the turf. He feels that he can't afford to fraternize with team officials, players or, in some instances, the writers who follow one particular club lest he lay himself open to charges of prejudice.

If there is an inference here that Hewitt is a stuffed shirt it ought to be quickly allayed. He simply isn't gregarious. A close friend, Waldo Holden of CFRB, says Hewitt is shy of crowds, tends to clam up when confronted by a roomful of people he doesn't know, thereby leaving an unfavorable impression. "His idea of a good big party," Holden says, "is about six people he's known for 20 years."

Old friends know Hewitt as a good poker player and capable bridge player and he says himself he'll likely be compelled to learn canasta this summer "in self-defense." He has a cottage near Beaverton on Lake Simcoe where he spends his summers with his family, has become an ardent vegetable gardener and enjoys getting outdoors with an axe or hatchet to clear underbrush. He owns a handsome 14-room house in Forest Hill Village, one of Toronto's more plushy suburbs.

Foster's father, W. A. Hewitt, was sports editor of the Toronto Star when Foster was a cub reporter there in the early '20s. The young man also looked after a radio column and frequently went on the air for the Star's station, CFCA. In 1928 he mentioned in one broadcast that if listeners would send 10 cents to cover handling they could receive a copy of the small Maple Leaf hockey program. The response to the announcement over the small Ontario network was fantastic. Bag after bag of mail was piled around the tiny desk he used at the Star and Hewitt believes that response, more than any other factor, sold Conn Smythe, now president of Maple Leaf Gardens, on the value of radio broadcasts. When the Gardens was built in 1931 Smythe gave Hewitt the broadcasting rights and to this day no other announcer can work in the Gardens without Hewitt's okay. It is a unique arrangement. Hewitt does not have a written contract and, like Smythe, owns the philosophy that a man's word is enough.

During his eight years with CFCA he broadcast arrival of the dirigible R-100 at Montreal, the docking of the Empress of Britain on her maiden voyage and the great days of the Canadian National Exhibition marathon swims. He did hockey interviews which now are conducted nationally every Saturday before NHL games by Wes McKnight, gave the job to McKnight when the hockey broadcast became an exacting enough evening's exercise. This little item alone is reportedly worth \$125 a week and is being conducted today in the same cut-and-dried pattern Hewitt originated.

One of his best sports was football which he broadcast from stadium roofs to which he was strapped. During one game at Queen's University at King-

ston Hewitt was frozen to the roof. People pulling on ropes pried him loose after 20 minutes but the seat of his pants declined to accompany him to safety.

Hewitt had a good sports background because his father, in addition to being a sports editor, was longtime secretary of the OHA, registrar of the CAHA and formerly attractions manager at Maple Leaf Gardens, i.e., he booked events into the Gardens. Invariably he took Foster with him on Star assignments. Foster relates that when he was three he attended a hockey game at Madison Square.

In 1931 the Star gave up CFCA. Hewitt's father left the Star and became attractions manager at the Gardens and urged Foster to do likewise. The fact he got an exclusive radio franchise at the Gardens convinced him. The idea of a coast-to-coast broadcast was his and he'd discussed it three years before the Gardens was built.

A Mute in a Sweatbox

Hewitt has never missed a broadcast; has done approximately 500 NHL games in his 20 years in the Gardens' gondola. Only once has he come close to missing. That was in 1936 when the Maple Leafs were trading stitches with the old Montreal Maroons in a Stanley Cup play-off. When Foster awakened on the morning of the final game and opened his mouth to speak all that came out was something like static on an old crystal set.

His doctor diagnosed laryngitis, said it wasn't serious and that his voice would return in three or four days. Croaking like a turkey, Hewitt conveyed the importance of the evening's mission and the doctor set to work. He rigged up a pail of steaming water and balsam and placed it at the foot of a chair. He sat his patient in the chair, his head bent forward over the pail. Around his shoulders the doctor teeped a blanket.

"Stay in there the rest of the day," he ordered. "Don't open your mouth and keep that water steaming."

At six o'clock there emerged a shaken man. He drank coffee, bundled himself into heavy clothes and went to the Gardens. A Montreal announcer had been flown to Toronto and was ready to make with the monosyllables. Hewitt had lost eight pounds by 15 minutes before broadcast time and the nervous tension, always high with him, was practically unbearable. Millions of people were waiting to hear him and after 12 hours as an absolute mute in a sweat box frantic Hewitt didn't know if he had a lilt in his larynx.

The seconds ticked away. He got his cue, opened his mouth. "Hello Canada, and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland . . ."

In recollection, he smiles: "I nearly went nuts in that last 15 minutes but when we went on the air it was all right. The voice was shaky at first but as the game wore on we got warmed up."

The Hewitts (Foster) are a hockey family just as were the Hewitts (W. A.). Foster's 22-year-old daughter, Anne, is a statistics addict. Knows the record of most modern players, and 16-year-old Wendy, a student at Bishop Strachan girls' school in Toronto, also can tell the players without a program. Youngsters in Canada growing up to become future Foster Hewitts won't likely make the grade. A young fellow named Bill Hewitt, 21, has worked on stations at Owen Sound, Kenora and Barrie. He has appeared each Christmas on the Young Canada Night broadcasts to report part of the play-by-play. In Canada's hockey it seems, there'll always be a Hewitt. ★

How to Live Without Wars and Wedding Rings

Continued from page 15

brought up decent," David declared. "But isn't 'swell' a bad word that could be used good?"

When we rose the plates looked as clean as when we sat down, not a crumb was wasted. The twins, eager to play with other children, ran across the fields to school though it was only 7.30. David went to plow with the tractor, Grossdaddy sat with Grossmommy, Hannah prepared the invalid's breakfast, I helped Salema with the dishes.

"Isn't that pear tree beautiful?" Salema exclaimed, looking through the window. "I often thought already I'd like to be able to draw it."

"May you draw?" I asked her.

"I may, but I couldn't."

"We chust mayn't make pictures of ourselves," Hannah explained. "It's in the Ten Commandments, you know, about not having likeness. We have our rules and we got to stick by them. Our retired bishop is real old and his children in Pennsylvania want him in the worst way to spend the rest of his days with them, but he can't because he would have to have his picture taken for a passport and that would set a bad example."

Hannah's hair fell below her waist as she "combed herself" at the little mirror above the kitchen sink. "We never cut them," she said, "and we all do them chust about the same."

Parting her hair in the centre, she wet it to smooth out its curl, folded it flat at the sides like the wings of a bird and then wound it into a spiral, pinned firmly on the back of her head. As she tied a dainty white organdie cap with black ribbons under her chin she said, "It's in the Bible that women should keep their heads covered when they pray and we might pray any time of the day or night." Hannah never sounds pious, she accepts her rules as she does the seeding and the harvest.

At dinner, while we ate pork sausage and dandelion salad, I asked if there were any other Old Order Mennonites.

"Not in Canada. There's some in Pennsylvania and Ohio only they're a little different from us, but we visit back and forth and are related with each other."

"We can marry back and forth too, but it's chenerally only the leftovers that do, most of them get partners at home where their parents can buy them a farm."

David came into the conversation. "We like to stay all together. If a man's barn burns down we build him a new one; if his cattle all die we give him some. We don't have much to worry."

"It makes it easier too for us to keep our rules if we aren't mixed up with other people."

"Do you think the rest of us are so bad?" I asked.

"Ach no. We think there's good and bad the same as with us, we chust have different ways."

The talk drifted to other Mennonite sects.

"What we call the Newborns broke off from us because they thought we were going too fast and they wanted to be more backward yet," David said. "And the Markham Mennonites wanted cars and telephones and English so they got out, but they still use our churches and paint their cars all black. We don't know nothing about all the others—they have churches in the towns and they don't dress or act like real Mennonites."

"My cousin in town says we should

Continued on page 43



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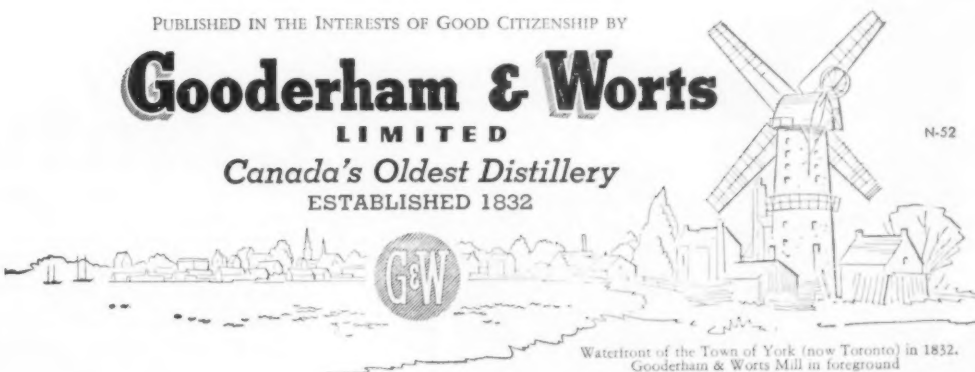
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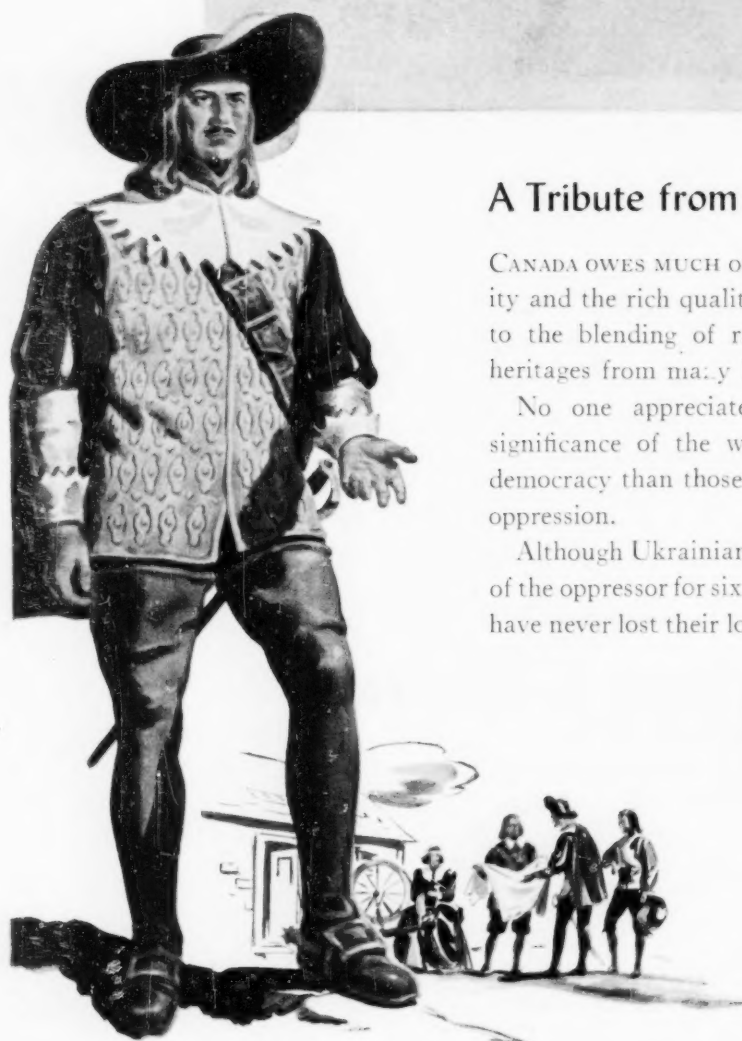
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Continued from page 41

along to their Mennonite Central Committee," Hannah said. "They all go together in that and sew and send food and clothes and implements to Mennonites in other parts of the world to give to people that need it, no matter what kind they are. But we don't believe in missions; we must take care of our own or our neighbors."

The post box had a packet in it for Salema. "It's the books we sent for with the box tops," she smiled. One was a novel, the other a collection of old songs which she leaned over the table to study.

If I had told her that her voice was beautiful she would have blushed and had no ambitious thought of the radio or Hollywood though she has eagerness, imagination, wit, a gay red mouth, merry eyes and the roundest of elbows. When a strand or two of her straight brown hair escapes its severity her mother reproves her, but Salema laughingly says, "It looks nicest when it's *shtravulich*."

"Here comes Uncle Isaiah," Levina had started reading Salema's novel the moment she came home from school but she reported every movement on the road. An old man with a strong stern face came into the kitchen and shook hands all round.

"And how is Aunt Lyddie?" Hannah asked him.

"Ach, she ain't goot. She's got the high blood pressure and the doctor says she must lose some fat but she can't—it's natural. Her mother and father together weighed 700 pounds." The old man settled to gossip with Grossdoddy.

While we peeled potatoes before supper Hannah said to me, "You haf such a nice apron."

"I'll let you have the pattern for it."

She grinned. "No thanks, we couldn't have one with frills over the shoulder. Our clothes are supposed to be all alike and plain so we won't think about how we look. They protect us from temptation too; we couldn't go to wicked places like picture shows without being noticed."

"Leave me show her how we are in winter," Salema ran upstairs. In a few minutes she was back, shaped like a monstrous black beehive, only her delicate nose and sparkling eyes revealed the lovely girl.

"Salema, I wouldn't know you if we met on the street," I exclaimed.

"You would," she laughed. "I'd yell at you."

A wool crepe veil was folded over her forehead and around the satin bonnet, a thick fringed shawl fastened with a blanket pin covered a loosely fitted coat, a smaller shawl muffled her chin.

"It's cold in an open cutter," she explained as she took off the layers of clothes. "See, I fold my shawl straight—if I was married I'd have a point down the back." She handed me her bonnet; it was stiff and heavy as a steel helmet. "That I had since I finished school."

A Buggy Ride Is Significant

"She'll have to take good care of it till she's 21, then we'll buy her a whole new outfit and have her bonnet made over," Hannah told me while Salema returned her things to the closet.

"Is that when she'll be married?"

"Not necessary, but she might be if she's found a partner she likes. Every Sunday evening the young folks go together to someone's house for a 'singing'; they learn our hymns that way and play games and Salema says some of them dance but they're not supposed to. If a boy and girl like each other he might drive her home in his buggy."

"Does she go with different ones?"

"Och no, she sticks to the one she chooses at the beginning. She could fire him at the end of a year or two and go with another but never more than two before she gets married or she'd have a bad name and the boys the same. It's not like in the city where young people go with strangers; we know the parents and grandparents of everybody from way back and can tell if a marriage will be all right."

I faltered over the next question: "Do they bundle?"

"Bundle? What's that?" Hannah's innocence was honest.

"Well, they say that when Old Mennonites are courting, they—"

The young girl came back into the room.

"Come on, Salema, we got to hurry now with the bean soup," Hannah said.

After supper the children were in a gay mood. They cleaned the fish Levi had caught, they patted the cats, Levina picked violets, Levi and Salema played their mouth organs (the only musical instruments they are allowed),

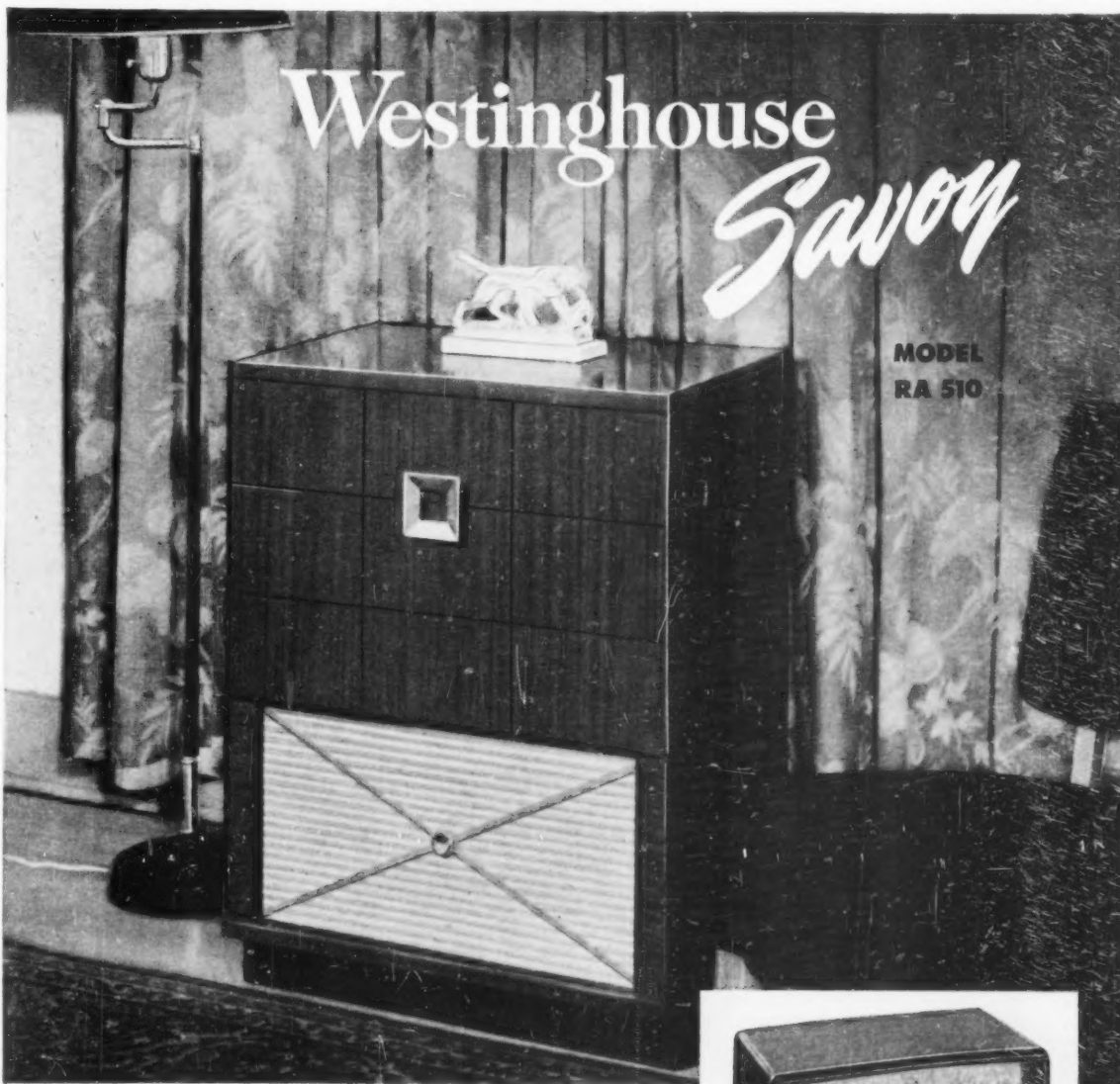
they pranced around the pansy bed, Salema sang a song, Levina held sticks for Topsy to jump at. We smelled the honeysuckle and the daffodils; when darkness came we studied the stars.

"I often wondered already how the colored lights look when they're on in Kitchener," Salema said.

"Do you never go to town?" I questioned.

"Oh yes, to the dentist."

"But we have always to be home in time for the milking," Levina lamented. Levi was looking at the North Star.



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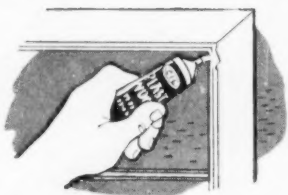


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PLASTIC WOOD

Continued from page 43
"I would like once to see a ship," he declared.

"I, too," said Levina. "I would like to travel round the world."

"I would go with you and if we came to some cannibals they would eat me last because I am the skinniest," said the little boy.

At 9 o'clock Hannah called, "Come in now, children, and wash your feet before you go in bed."

On Sunday morning Grossdoddy drove Salema and me to church. Martin's Meeting House on the highway north of Waterloo is more than 100 years old, its annually painted clapboards gleam white. A wire fence surrounds its yard, kept neat by a munching cow, and the cemetery beside it where rows and rows of plain white slabs mark the grassy, flowerless graves. There are no family plots, here Nathaniel Martin, Josiah Ernst, Susannah Eby, Israel Weber, Veronica Erb and the still-born infants of Noah and Rebecca Shantz lie side by side.

Open buggies, two-seaters and box-like *dach weggis* (top buggies) came in a steady stream as the black-clad people gathered to worship. Horses pranced up to the cement stoop along one side of the hall, women and little girls in shawls and bonnets alighted; grandmothers went through a door near the back, mothers and children near the centre, young girls hurried to the front. Men and boys drove to the hitching chains then entered the church on the farther side.

In a crowded cloakroom shawls hung on pegs, black bonnets lay on shelves; on the heads of the chattering girls were caps of white net with colored ribbons tied under their chins—the style of hair and dresses identical.

The Preacher Has the Power

Light flooded the church from small-paned windows, walls were white-washed, pine floor and benches unstained and scrubbed smooth. In the centre front was a long lectern; on either side of it were rows of benches facing one another with a space between them in front of the lectern for baptismal and feet-washing ceremonies. Women sat on one side, men on the other, the oldest on the lower benches in front.

As a man kissed and shook hands with six men behind the desk before he sat with them Salema whispered, "That's our preacher; he's a farmer too."

Chosen by lot for life from the congregation the preacher receives no pay, prepares no sermons, his spontaneous word is believed to be inspired. And he has authority. If a church member buys what he is not supposed

to, marries outside the Old Order, gets drunk too often, or does worldly things, the preacher will speak to him privately. If the vanity or sin is not repented, if it is irremissible, the erring one is denounced publicly. Though cast out of the church he is not treated unkindly and, if contrite, may return.

Twenty Folk Might Drop In

Salema opened a German hymn book. Led by a man's voice, the congregation sat while it droned each syllable; the bishop preached; we knelt for silent prayer. "To live honestly and at peace with all men," was the text of the long sermon in Pennsylvania Dutch.

The older men and women were very still. In the long benches below us there was constant movement of babies and tiny children being hushed or taken by mothers with bulging black satchels to the anteroom. Two rows of lively little girls, their braids tied up with string or a bit of shoelace, tried not to giggle. The young girls around us turned solemn eyes toward the preacher or stole glances at the young men on the benches beyond them.

During the last hymn the little ones filed into the cloakroom; babies in bright print or lustre dresses, black stockings and colorful booties, were wrapped up like black or purple bundles. The service over, women and children clustered on the cement stoop to chat till their men picked them up.

Salema blushing told me she was invited out for the day.

"Sunday is our visiting day," Hannah said. "Sometimes we have over 20 people drop in."

"And don't you know they're coming?" I asked.

"No, they chust come after church. When Menno Horsts moved to the farm over there behind those maples they had 56 the first Sunday."

"How do you feed them?"

"Och, that don't bother us, everybody helps. There's always lots in the cellar or the garden and every Friday we bake cakes and buns and nine or 10 pies. If somebody comes they're all eaten at one time and if not we haf them for the rest of the week."

During the three days the Martins answered many more questions.

"The preachers tell us to vote if we need a new bridge or something, but we don't know enough about politics to vote for the country. Artificial insemination of our cattle gives us better stock. With electricity we can do more work. Salema can run the tractor. Telephones we may have for business—if we sell fresh meat or the like o' that—but not in our houses."

"We wouldn't want our children to

know some of the things on the radio. We never heard yet of any of our people stealing and only one married man we know ever went with another woman. If we had musical instruments we mightn't sing so much."

I told them a story about a man who tried to sell a car to an Old Mennoite. The farmer said he couldn't buy it because the devil was in it.

"But what about your gasoline motor, it's the same thing—isn't the devil in that too?" the salesman asked.

"Yes, but he's fastened down and I can make him do whatever I want, but in a car he's running around and might get out of control."

The family laughed heartily. "That sounds chust like something Old Daniel Horst would say," David said. "He'd have an answer for anybody that tried to sell him something he shouldn't have. We take a ride in a car sometimes but it would be a danger for our young people to own one; anyways we love to ride behind our horses—they go fast enough for us."

Hard Work Equals Happiness

"Some things we do to stay different and separate, it makes it easier to keep our rules. We don't know why we have some of them, they were handed to us from generation to generation, they're not written down. The bishop, the preachers and the deacons have to change them sometimes and make new ones, but if we don't like what they tell us we can put them out of the church."

"We don't believe in converting people to our ways, we leave them alone and want to be left alone—religion should be quiet and deep in the heart not on the tongue. We're supposed to live simply so we can have more time to think about the Lord; if we got stylish we might get proud."

"We could never be smart like other people anyway—we're chust farmers, we love to watch things grow; hard work makes us happy and we are boss on our own land."

The last night of my stay in the fieldstone house I said, "I haven't heard a grumbling word since I came here. Don't you ever get mad? Don't your children ever quarrel? Are you never tired of working? Do you never break your rules?"

They looked at each other and laughed. "We're all extra good just now because you're here," Levina said. "We're telling you what all we're supposed to do but we don't always do it," Hannah grinned.

"You are so quiet," Salema said to me. "What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking how peaceful it is here. In the world I'm going back to we are always fighting for peace," I said. ★

Giles

Continued from page 13

Ol' Musso pack in. He was half my stock in trade."

Giles visited Canada and the U. S., in 1948 for the first time to verify his hunch that the North American continent was fraudulent. The American Embassy in London gave him a form to fill which included the question, Do you advocate the violent overthrow of the U. S. Government? Giles wrote "Yes." His application was immediately cleared and he sailed on the Queen Mary.

His North American tour got under way in Montreal with a new Dodge coupe his Canadian agent loaned him for the adventure. Giles took off to New York, where he was due to meet a group of U. S. cartoonists that night.

Some hours down the road his wife said, "Deschambault. Quaint French names they have here." The next sign said, Quebec 29M. Giles turned around and hit New York after a 10-hour feat of driving.

As a lover of the open throttle Giles had a peachy time driving 8,000 miles from Montreal to Los Angeles to New York in six weeks with side excursions. In Hollywood he was photographed with Lex Barker, who wore a breechclout for his role as Tarzan. In a Taos, New Mexico, pueblo the cartoonist bought a souvenir Indian backscratcher manufactured in Birmingham, England. In Indianapolis, Indiana, he laughed immoderately at the civic architecture and looked up the family of the bass player in the Tuddenham Jazz Band, and found that his friend was in Vienna, playing basketball and married to a movie actress. The U. S.

Government was still in power when Giles entered the Pennsylvania Turnpike, near Pittsburgh.

It struck him as an improvement on the lanes around Tuddenham. Instead of a winding one-lane groove worn in the earth by 10 centuries of wagons the Turnpike had four lanes. Giles pressed his foot to the floor, striving to exceed the 60-miles-per-hour speed limit. He beat it by 40 mph. He felt friendly toward the U. S. Government as he shot through the end of the Turnpike and continued at 90 mph through Eastern Pennsylvania.

In New Jersey the Government exerted itself. Giles came upon two cars ahead of him. One of them was passing the other. Giles passed both of them, creating a neat three-abreast pattern. The second car screamed as though in anger and chased Giles. He pulled up. "The car was full of coppers," Giles

said. The highway cops wiped their brows and said, "We were just overtaking the first guy for speeding when you passed us."

Giles was escorted to a nearby Jersey justice. He said, "Your Honor, we Britishers get only thirty-five dollars allowance to visit the U. S. A." The J. P. said, "Dear me, I don't see how you can afford it, the way you travel. Fifteen dollars!"

Giles drew three cartoons a week while hot-rod-ding around the U. S. He borrowed the Express bureau chief's office in Rockefeller Center as a studio. One day, while he was drawing, Lord Beaverbrook made a surprise visit. The Beaver proudly watched his star funny man at work. Then the boss noticed two pictures which had been turned to the wall. He turned one over; it was a portrait of Arthur Christiansen, the editor of the Express. The other was Beaverbrook himself. Giles said, "It's bad enough having the bosses over your shoulder in London, without coming 3,500 miles to look at them." Beaverbrook howled. He grabbed the phone and put in a trans-Atlantic call to Christiansen, "Say, Arthur, here's a great story for you. Put it on the front page."

Fall Ended Riding Career

Giles was a war correspondent with the British Liberation Army in 1944. He made a drawing of a cartoonist sketching at the front. A passing Tommy remarks, "I'd sooner they sent us a few pullovers instead of cartoonists." The details in Giles' cartoons are extremely accurate: he drew enemy uniforms so faithfully that British soldiers once bagged a Gestapo Colonel by checking his uniform against a Giles clipping one of them was carrying in his wallet.

In April 1944 Giles drew the most famous cartoon of World War II. The British Isles were strained with more than two million American troops waiting for D-Day. Among the several annoyances the visitors brought with them was the habit of soaking up all the taxis in town. Giles' cartoon showed an American Flying Fortress crashed in Berlin. It appears with this article.

G.I. and Britisher alike roared at the joke. An American general bid a case of Scotch for the original; Giles gave it away to an American girl.

Giles has been accused of a subversive attitude toward children on the evidence of many cartoons depicting them as less than angels. The war provided a ready-made gag situation; the billeting of evacuated city kids in stately country homes. Giles showed the cockney nippers crating up the squire in his own ancestral armor and dropping giant stone jardinieres through the conservatory glass. He drew a famous Christmas cartoon which also accompanies this article.

All this has given Giles the name of a terrible infantaphobe, a reputation he takes great care to cultivate. Nothing shocks England as much as a word against a baby, unless it is a word against a dog. Although Giles will deny this vigorously, he is actually mush-hearted about children. This slipped out in a beautiful postwar drawing, Spring Comes to the Great Cities, showing a little boy and girl playing in the debris of a bombed building. The boy says to the girl, "How about you and me and a little prefab?"

Giles is a cockney, born at The Angel, Islington, London, within the sound of Bow Bells. His father, Bert, was a jockey, the son of a jockey. Ordained to be a jockey also, Giles disappointed his father by going overweight at an early age and sprouting to an impossible stature of five-ten.

Berty sighed and destined the boy to the next best service with horses, that of a groom. Giles lost his career in the paddock when he laughed at a fat lady who ascended the wrong side of the horse and fell on her head off the other.

When he was sixteen Giles decided to become a comic-strip artist. He made some drawings and advanced on Printing House Square, the seat of the registerial Times. He figured the Times could use a comic strip, a feature he had noticed was lacking. The Times city room is still shaken by the intrusion. Not then, nor since, has the Times published cartoons. Giles crossed Old Thunderer off his list and approached the cartoon film studio of Alexander Korda. He started washing brushes. At eighteen he was chief animator. When Korda's studio failed Giles hit the road. He played a concertina in pubs for his bread and bitter beer, roaming the country roads, sharpening his eye for landscapes and characters. He found Tuddenham, the wondrous hamlet near Ipswich, where he lives today.

In 1937 a wise man named Bernard Boothroyd, who writes satires for Punch and Reynold's News, the Sunday paper of the British co-operative movement, discovered Giles' folk comedy and had him taken on at Reynold's. Giles married a girl he had known since childhood, and settled into a flat at drab King's Cross, London.

Giles was bombed out of King's Cross in 1941, and leased half of the parish constable's house in Tuddenham. The cartoonist is a good shot. He became leader of the local poacher band, which had some splendid midnight shoots on Hillbrow Farm. When Giles bought the place after the war, he appointed the next best poacher as his gamekeeper. The arrangement has assured that Giles' rabbits go only to local people; the gamekeeper bounces strangers.

Hillbrow Farm is more than 500 acres, a veritable Texas ranch in Britain. Giles pools two dozen farm machines with three neighbors. The syndicate also shares its labor. This capitalist collective is resented by the traditional farmers round about. They call Giles and his partners "reds." But Giles is also the star of the leading conservative paper in Britain, a fearful puzzle to the neighboring squires who accept Beaverbrook's Express as gospel. One of the befuddled farmers wrote the Express that Giles' cartoons had converted him to Toryism. After this fan note was printed Giles published a drawing clearing himself of the charge. It showed farmer Giles squatting in his pigpen consulting Karl Marx, Nicolai Lenin, Josef Stalin, Grandma and two spotted pigs on the best method of overthrowing Suffolk.

The Tuddenham Hundred

Giles has a large lavishly equipped workshop on the farm, humming with power tools, welding gear, compressed-air gadgets, and metal and wood-working lathes, which he employs to build pig trailers, household furniture, and toys for the Tuddenham kids. His masterpiece of craftsmanship is a studio on wheels which he converted from a surplus U. S. air force bus. The trickiest welding work is volunteered by Giles' friend, John Prodger, of Ipswich, who is rated as one of the best welders in Britain. Prodger is a small man who wears orange-colored knicker suits and big tortoise-shell glasses. His head is egg bald. Giles is fond of introducing the serious welder to a newcomer by saying, "Prodger is the oldest man in the world. He used to be a taxi driver on the moon."

Giles violates every rule of correct

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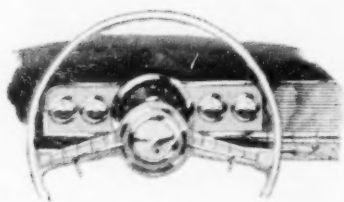
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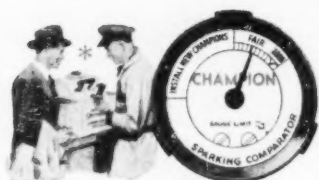
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behavior for landed gentry by having his closest friendships among the farm laborers, grooms and cottagers around Tuddenham. Giles shuns the headline world. He goes to London rarely. He refers to it as "The Smoke." Giles prefers the bucolic society of his neighbors, his China pigs, bullocks, Suffolk Punch horses, his snuff-colored cocker, Rush, and his saddle horses, to the cast of characters who languidly grace the pages of *The Tatler*.

A pub crawl with Giles' cronies is an unnerving evening. Loaded in a convoy of grotesque motor cars they roar around the sunken country lanes from pub to pub, downing imperial pints of weaver beer and defeating the locals at darts. The evening sometimes finishes with *The Tuddenham Hundred* a demented foot race down the twisting village high street. Contestants crash through the hedgerows and pile up on the narrow street, panting and bleeding. The senior contestant is the parish postman Old George Miles, who is 82. He keeps in condition by walking an 18-mile route.

Giles' stubby little mother lives in a white-washed Tuddenham cottage. Like her son, she is a wholly rusticated cockney. Once, the foundryman, Archibald Smy was cycling home past her cottage. His wheel wobbled at what he saw. He rushed to a phone and yelled, "Carl, your Mum is up on the roof shingling her cottage!" A rescue party formed at the scene and had a hard time inducing Mum to descend

the ladder. When spring came Smy got up in the middle of the night and secretly spaded Mum's garden, in order to spare himself the sight of Mrs. Giles hefting a shovel with a handle almost as tall as herself. Giles treats his Mum like the other droll figures in his risible world.

Like David Low, who recently left the *Beaverbrook* papers after 22 years, Giles is in principled disagreement with his publisher's politics. Lord Beaverbrook has a policy lapse in respect to cartoonists and allows Giles to draw without editorial dictatorship. Editors Arthur Christiansen and John Gordon of the daily and Sunday Expresses do, however, have a veto right on Giles' contributions. An occasional cartoon is rejected for political reasons. Giles drew one a year ago which he was sure Christiansen would suppress. The editor printed it.

It shows a cluttered attic of an English house in 1949, strewn with old bedsteads, china, dressmaker's dummies, sporting prints and tavern posters—*There is no depression in this house. We are not interested in the possibility of defeat. Great Britain, U.S.A., U.S.S.R., China—United for Freedom! Aid to Russia Fund—Salute Our Glorious Ally!* The man of the house is looking at the mildewed posters. The lady of the house is climbing into the attic with a dust scarf on her head. She says, "Oh, dear—why do people tuck so many things away in the attic and forget all about them?" ★

When the Blizzards Hit Balmy B. C.

Continued from page 23

important nonetheless, is the stunned and wounded vanity of the typical Vancouverite, who has long considered his city immune from the frosty afflictions so familiar to towns and cities on the other side of the Rockies.

Even more resentful, if possible, are Vancouver's uncouth thousands of ex-prairie flowers and transplanted easterners who moved to the coast to escape snow and ice forever.

I myself, a fugitive from Medicine Hat and Edmonton, am in this unhappy category. When I settled in Vancouver after leaving the Navy in the fall of 1945 everybody told me the only "winter" clothing I would ever need would be a good raincoat and a pair of rubbers. Three times in 1950's savage January I went to work wearing two sweaters and a heavy suit under a Navy greatcoat warm enough to withstand midocean rigors.

Yes, It Was Exactly Zero

In all three Vancouver dailies (*Sun*, *Province*, *News-Herald*) the weather was major news this winter for weeks at a time. Often it monopolized most of the front page. The *Sun* even hired a former weatherman, G. C. Williams, to write a daily weather editorial. Such a thing probably could only happen in Vancouver. Williams' short piece soon became one of the best-read features in the paper.

As January became recognized as the coldest month in the city's records plenty of people hinted darkly that the "official" temperatures were deliberately kept too high for fear of hurting the tourist business. No knowledgeable person ever took this seriously. The conviction grew, however, that the Vancouver International Airport, where all official readings have been taken for the past 11 years, was by no means the coldest spot in town.

One taximan, in dead earnest, told me he felt certain that the airport is situated on top of "subterranean hot springs." He added bleakly, "It's all part of a big propaganda buildup. We've had it 10 below here this winter, but nobody has the guts to admit it."

Actually, the weather office did acknowledge quite openly that the mercury in some parts of the city probably dropped below zero, perhaps by three or four degrees. However, the lowest official reading—and the lowest in Vancouver history—was exactly zero on the early morning of Jan. 14.

By a coincidence he will never be able to live down, weather-booster Leo Sweeney climbed into an airliner that very afternoon on the first lap of a business trip to Central and South America. Sweeney, for once almost hurt and embarrassed by the ribbing, protested hoarsely that he had been planning the trip for three weeks.

Some Vancouver people reacted as if to a personal outrage, one day in late January, when the city's temperature (five above zero) was 30 degrees colder than that of icy-sounding Kodiak, Alaska.

As a matter of fact, not only Vancouver but the whole province was badly hit. In mid-January E. C. Carson, B. C.'s Minister of Public Works, wailed that snow plowing was costing \$30,000 a day.

Even on normally mild Vancouver Island fierce temperatures were recorded. At Duncan, sequestered haven of many retired senior officers of the British armed forces, the mercury dropped to nine below one morning, almost cold enough to freeze the hyphens off a brass hat. At Comox, where Canadian commando troops trained on the sand spit in 1942, the official reading that same day was 10 below.

One night while the cold spell was at its worst the telephone rang in the newsroom of a Vancouver radio station. "This is the superintendent of schools," a masculine voice said curtly. "Here is an announcement: All schools will

close tomorrow until further notice." The station put the "flash" on the air, and within a half-hour two rival stations picked it up and repeated it without checking. The real superintendent had quite a job convincing them all that the announcement was a phony, probably engineered by a wishful-thinking schoolboy with a deep voice.

In North Vancouver a small boy was seen taking his tiny girl friend for a ride on his tricycle; chains on its rear wheels to help him operate over the slippery roads.

On the shore of nearby Burnaby Lake a wretched blue heron was found starving to death, its beak filled with ice and frozen shut. Somebody took the bird home, thawed it out, and fed it. It survived and posed glumly for photographers.

The papers employed military terminology and a sense of wartime urgency in reporting the daily battle against the elements. When Trans-Canada and Canadian Pacific Air Lines planes were used to bring to Vancouver (at no extra charge) 2,000 CNR and CPR train passengers marooned by snow in the Fraser Canyon, the flights at once became an "airlift" or "Operation Rescue."

A burly CNR roadmaster, "Big Mike" Abrahamson, became an almost legendary hero whose exploits rivaled those of Paul Bunyan. Big Mike and his crew bucked snowdrifts in the Fraser Canyon for 12 days and 12 nights without stopping. The roadmaster's war cry was, "Hit that snow, boys! Hit it hard—then hit it again!" This stirring call was chronicled to the public with almost the same emotional intensity that had been devoted a few years earlier to such slogans as, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!" or "Give us the tools and we will finish the job!"

A Pearl Harbor Blizzard

When things were at their worst in mid-January even the faintest whiff of encouraging news was page-one material. Groping desperately for any comforting word one story reported: "The weatherman says there is a lot of warm air somewhere near Vancouver, although it doesn't seem to be moving in this direction."

Vancouver, renowned for its fine gardens, was assured by experts that snow is good for the soil. And on the stormiest day of the whole winter a man named S. J. Creasey discovered pansies growing in his back yard, and Mrs. Mabel Shafer found a butterfly in her garage. Both were acclaimed as joyous harbingers of spring.

Despite everything, the very oldest old-timers sneered at the new weather records. Vancouver winters, they insisted, were much tougher in the days before official readings were begun. They said the Fraser River froze solid in 1862 isolating New Westminster,

at that time the capital of B. C. In 1907 a streetcar in North Vancouver was "drowned" when it slipped backward on its icy rails, crashed into the harbor and sank. Nobody was aboard.

Without either scorning or swallowing the claims of the pioneers thousands of Vancouverites became potentially garrulous old-timers of the future themselves after enduring a treacherous storm which lashed the city on the afternoon of Monday, Jan. 23.

The papers later called it "a sneak attack" and, in sober truth, there was something almost like Pearl Harbor in the way a howling blizzard suddenly started up without warning after the snow and wet of a previous storm had just nicely vanished. Eight inches of snow fell in four hours. According to City Engineer John C. Oliver it caused the worst traffic tieup in the city's history.

Many people took three or four hours to get home over distances ordinarily covered in 15 or 20 minutes.

Will Roses Bloom Next Christmas?

Mrs. Florence Brown, a slender newlywed bookkeeper, finally gave up trying to get a bus and walked home 40 blocks to join her husband for dinner. On the long South Cambie hill she overtook an older woman, fat and puffing, who was sliding back two steps for every step forward.

The big woman shouted despairingly, "Can I hold your arm, miss? Just for a minute." Mrs. Brown, who weighs 95 pounds, ended up by pushing the other, who weighed twice that much, five arduous blocks through the greasy snow.

Marce Munro, the CBC's chief announcer in Vancouver, was offered a ride home to his North Van suburban home by a lawyer friend, Harold Fisher. It took them seven hours to make it.

The cruel winter not only buffeted and froze Vancouver's people—it also sorely tested their houses, most of which are of light construction, with drafty casement windows, no storm doors or entrance halls. Evergreen hedges, especially laurel, took a beating, turning brown and leathery. Flagstones of patios were twisted awry. Deep snow, melting and backing under shingles, did ugly damage to plaster and paint.

Surprisingly it did not visibly weaken the health of the citizens. Dr. Stewart Murray, Vancouver's medical health officer, said colds and flu were no worse than in any other year and there was no substantial increase in absenteeism in schools and businesses.

"Mind you," said Dr. Murray thoughtfully, voicing the secret opinion of many others, "we should admit that we've been mildly kidding ourselves for a long time. Vancouver is not nearly as balmy a place as we like to think it is. Even at that, though, I wouldn't trade it for any other place in Canada."

Characteristically, ebullient Leo Sweeney had the final word in summing up the Big Bad Winter of 1949-50.

"Thousands of prairie people flocked out here to live in '49 and brought their goldarned prairie weather with them!" he yelled at a Board of Trade luncheon. "By next winter, those who stay here will be regular Vancouverites and the weather will be right back to normal. I've picked fresh outdoor roses in Stanley Park on Christmas eve since I came here and I intend to keep right on doing it. And don't forget—after the winter there's always spring, and after the spring there's the summer."

"Summer in Vancouver! Ah-h-h!" You can't beat a guy like that, thermometer or no thermometer. ★

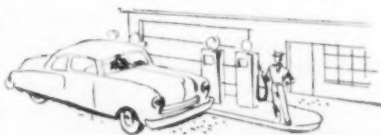


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WIT AND WISDOM



Virtue Triumphs—The beautiful blonde was trying to impress her friend. "There I was, poor little me, locked in a room with 11 men, and each one trying to break down my resistance. But I defied them all, both individually and collectively!"

"Heavens, dear!" her friend exclaimed. "Were you kidnapped?" "Don't be silly. I was doing jury duty."—*Moncton Times*.

The Way It's Done—"How," asked the officer on the rifle range, "did you get those four straight hits? Your range is 600 yards, but your sight is set at 300."

Said the young militiaman: "See that little rock halfway along? Well, I'm bouncing 'em off that!"—*Prairie Messenger, Muenster, Sask.*

Insult to Injury—The dentist had just called on one of his clients to try to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth he had made for him about a year before:

Wife (upon his return)—Did he pay you?

Dentist (scornfully)—Pay me? Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me... with my teeth!—*Fort William Times-Journal*.

Nothing to It—The woman lion tamer had the animals under perfect control. At her summons the fiercest lion came meekly to her and took a lump of sugar from her mouth. The circus crowd marveled—all except one man.

"Anybody could do that," he yelled from the audience.

"Would you dare to do it?" the ringmaster asked scornfully.

"Certainly," replied the heckler. "I can do it just as well as the lion can."—*Golden, B.C., Star*.

Alas, Poor Joe!—Joe, the window washer, fell all the way from the 42nd floor, and a neighbor came in to comfort the widow.

Neighbor—Did Joe leave you anything?

Widow—Six thousand dollars.

Neighbor—Think of that! Six thousand dollars and he couldn't read or write!

Widow—Or fly.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Oh, So That Was It!—Can you imagine! MacTavish takes his girl friend to the theatre every evening.

Is that so? What show is she playing in?—*Crossfield Chronicle, Edmonton*.

Safety Zone—Selecting a battle-scarred five iron, the golfer took a firm grip, swung, and succeeded in removing half the ant hill, inflicting

great casualties to the ants. Undismayed, he swung again. This time he succeeded in sending the remainder of the ants to their celestial glory; that is, all except two little ants. At this point the smaller ant turned to his bigger brother and said: "You know, if we want to survive we'd better get on the ball."—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Creation and Cash—Rich Mr. X was showing a friend around his tremendous estate:

Visitor (murmuring)—Beautiful lawn.

Mr. X (complacently)—Ought to be. Had the whole thing brought here as sod at \$100 a square foot.

Visitor—And those trees. I've never seen more perfect specimens.

Mr. X—Had them transplanted. Cost me \$2,000 each.

Visitor (sighing meditatively)—Ah, what God could have done if He'd had all your money!—*Chatham News*.

Her Excuse—A commercial traveler decided that he would spend a week end at home. He sent a telegram to his wife and took the next train.

On his arrival home he found his wife in the embrace of another man. Furious, he left the house, took rooms at the local hotel, and announced that he would apply for a divorce.

The next day his father-in-law called to try to smooth things over.

"I'm quite sure my daughter has

an explanation for her behavior," he said. "Look here, will you wait until tomorrow before you do anything about the divorce?"

Reluctantly the husband agreed. On the morrow his father-in-law was back again, beaming.

"I knew Dorothy would have an explanation," he said, patting the husband on the back. "She didn't get your telegram."—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*.

That's a Different Matter—A kindly old gentleman stopped on the street to comfort a wailing youngster. What's the matter, boy?

The lad raised a tearful face. "Ma's drowned all our new puppies."

"That's too bad, isn't it?" "Yeah," sobbed the boy, "she promised me I could do it."—*Victoria Colonist*.

The Test Supreme—A man, answering an ad for a chauffeur's job, was being examined by the car owner. He was asked if he had traveled much in other states.

Applicant—Yes, sir.

Car owner—All right (handing him a road map), let me see you fold it.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Danse Macabre—After a visit to dancing school, one mother advised her small daughter that she should not just dance silently like a totem pole; talking to her partner was also a part of the social picture.

On a later visit the mother saw that, each time the music started, the same little boy tore across the floor, bowed to her daughter, and swept her away to the music.

On the way home the mother asked why the same lad chose her for every dance.

"Oh, him!" her small daughter explained. "I'm telling him a continued murder-mystery!"—*Huron Expositor, Seaford, Ont.*

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Hey, Pop! Tell us about the three humans."

How Long Can Labor Hang On?

Continued from page 8

in question was not even a distant relation. Now and then we encountered Labor and Liberal loudspeaker vans when pleasantries and insults were exchanged with enormous volume and to the great delight of the populace, especially the small boys.

At 9 o'clock voting is over. A hurried meal and then to the schoolhouse where the counting is to take place. The candidates and their chief supporters are allowed in; the counters are in their places; the town clerk is full of importance; the mayor is in attendance; and the contest begins. At least it should have begun, but I regret to record that in the borough of Southgate something had gone wrong. At midnight they had not begun and at 1 a.m. they were still arranging the arrangements. But at 2 o'clock it looked as if something was going to start and it did.

By that time, however, most of us had deserted the counting place and were in another room where a radio was announcing one Socialist victory after another. The industrial north was not only remaining true to Labor but the majorities were bigger than in 1945. And with this Socialist sweep began the monotonous motif which was to persist almost unbroken throughout the whole of Friday.

I Fell Asleep on the Phone

"The Liberal candidate loses his deposit." Again and again the radio said these words. The mad gamble had failed. Almost without organization, except in few constituencies, Liberals had collected more than 400 candidates and had hurled them into battle with the same courage and same stupidity as the Light Brigade when it charged the guns at Balaclava.

Fortunately for themselves, however, the Liberals had diddled the famous Lloyd's underwriters into the craziest insurance policy of all time. For a premium of £5,000 Lloyd's agreed to pay all Liberal lost deposits over the first 50. Perhaps I should explain that in Britain a candidate who polls less than one eighth of the total vote in his constituency forfeits 150 pounds. As more than 300 Liberals lost their deposits I leave it to your imagination and arithmetic to estimate the feelings of the underwriters at the result.

At 4.30 a.m. the Southgate result was announced and I was duly declared the first member of Parliament for this new division which was formerly part of my old division of Wood Green. A majority of 19,000 was eminently satisfactory but my opponents took it with admirable sportsmanship and we all made short felicitous speeches. By that time I was so weary I could have gone to sleep on my feet, for even gratification of victory was canceled out by the news that the Socialists were sweeping everything before them in other parts of the country.

Three hours' sleep and then the telephone began to ring. Nothing is more exuberant than congratulations of friends, especially when they are fresh from a full night's sleep. And naturally each one wanted to give his opinion on what was likely to happen.

"You sound tired," said one of them, after he had held forth with a 10-minute exposition. I denied the charge and fell asleep while doing so.

However, Lord Rothermere, proprietor of the Daily Mail, was giving a running buffet lunch at the Dorchester where he had arranged for each result



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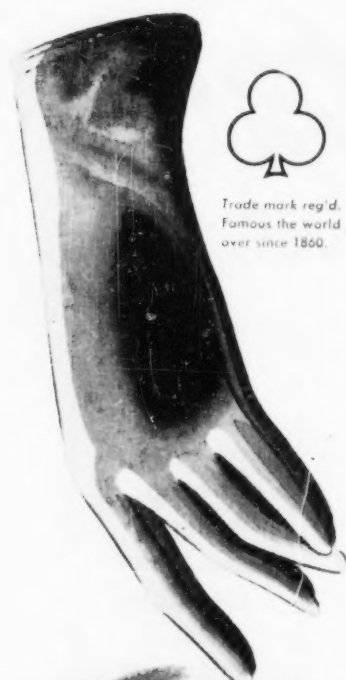
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to Spring costumes!

Fashion is so stressing the importance of gloves to the Spring costume, that the traditional Easter gift of gloves is certain of a warm, warm welcome.

And Perrin gloves, inspired with the Parisian genius for style that since 1860 has made the Perrin name and clover trade mark famous all over the world — are featured by most good stores in a delightful array of rich colours, softly durable leathers and a complete range of types and sizes . . . At Easter, give Perrin gloves!



Trade mark reg'd.
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over since 1860.

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MADE FOR BOTH
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

to be announced, and off we went at noon.

What a scene! Churchill's son-in-law Duncan Sandys was smiling all over his face for he had been defeated in 1945 and was now back again. Tory M.P.'s and Tory peers drank champagne and cheered every result for the whole situation had altered. One Tory victory followed another and, more important than anything else, the agricultural constituencies had returned to their old Conservative allegiance.

Noel Coward made a magnificent entrance and then took to champagne. Not even he could compete with the mad gallop of the Conservative Party overhauling the Labor Party which had been so far out in front.

At his home just off Hyde Park, Churchill and his chiefs were cheering too. The old warrior had gone to bed with what looked like a final rejection from the British people and now the gap was narrowing until a Tory victory seemed likely.

Get on With the Governing

I have no knowledge of what was in the minds of the party leaders but I suggest that toward the end both Attlee and Churchill were thinking the same thing: "If there is going to be a majority of 10 may the gods give it to the other fellow."

In this most amazing of elections it was obvious that the losing party would be the one that won. Suppose the Conservatives had come in with a majority of 10 or 15 over all others. The Socialists would have let us govern until some crisis occurred in the country and would then have thrown us out, for it is a physical impossibility to remain long in office with so small a majority.

As it turned out it is the Labor Government which now must exist day by day in the knowledge that we Conservatives can bring them down when and how we choose.

Nevertheless, the Conservative situation is not without its dangers. If we were foolish enough to defeat the Government on some issue of insufficient importance to justify a dissolution there would be a wave of indignation in the country and the Liberal vote might swing overwhelmingly to the Socialists. The country does not want another election merely for the purpose of changing sides. The economic situation of Britain is too dangerous to make it a plaything in the game of power.

The attitude of the people at this moment is quite clear. They feel that a new Parliament has been elected and that, regardless of party, it should get on with the business of governing. Both Attlee and Churchill realize that, but the danger lies among hot heads in both camps.

What seems likely is that for a time there will be a coalition Parliament, but not a coalition Government.

The Socialists will probably agree that they no longer have a mandate for further nationalization and they will drop some measures outlined in their election program until they have a chance to consult the electorate again.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, will have to admit that they lack a clear mandate from the country and will therefore not press for immediate reduced taxation and relaxation of controls.

At any rate, I cannot see an election before October. Yet there are so many unpredictables and imponderables that literally this Parliament will live day by day and will never know the hour of its death.

The one issue which offers the most menacing prospect of dispute is nation-

FOR YOURSELF, OR FOR OTHERS—

get the fine, long-
wearing leathers,
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alization of the steel industry. To carry this measure through in the lifetime of the last Parliament the Socialists curtailed the delaying power of the House of Lords from two years to one. I do not doubt that the Socialists regret their tactics now, for in their present mood they have no stomach for swallowing the steel industry. Yet the bill was passed and the vesting day has been declared. If the Socialists agree to leave steel until the next election it will be regarded as their complete abdication. If, on the other hand, they declare their intention of going ahead then the Tories will almost certainly be forced to throw them out and go to the country on that issue.

Wrong About the Communists

In the realm of personalities both Churchill and Attlee came out of it well. Churchill's vigor of spirit and mind dominated the election, but Attlee won respect by his calm and dignified presentation of the Government's case. Yet in many ways the most popular figure in the whole conflict was Anthony Eden. He has come into his own.

In conclusion I must appear before you as a prophet who has sullied his record. I prophesied (Maclean's, Feb. 15) that the Conservatives would win despite the grim fact that the Socialists had not lost a single by-election in five years. The Tories did not win, but at least you will admit that neither did the Socialists—the result is in effect a stalemate.

I predicted that the Liberals would return fewer than 12 successful candidates. Actually the number was eight.

Of the 100 Communist candidates I predicted one would be successful. That prophecy was wrong by one. Our old friend Willie Gallacher went down to defeat in Fife and, though it is good to see the Communists routed, we shall miss his pawky Scottish humor at Westminster.

One thing this election proved. In almost every case the extremists and opportunists were routed. The British people stand firm against the evils that beset less favored lands. Embarrassing as the result has been to Socialists and Conservatives alike, this was a vote for sanity. Politicians who fail to realize this will imperil not only their own survival but that of the country. ★

Dear Career Woman

When signing the letter
I'm to answer, sister,
Remember you're not
Automatically "Mr."

Help conserve my hair,
Use parentheses
To indicate whether
You're (Miss) or (Mrs.).

Love and XXXXX,

—E. P. Nicol.



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the position as organizer. I would not and could not take it. It was never discussed with me by anybody whatsoever.

As a lawyer in Ottawa with a legal practice of 20 years standing, it would (I believe apparent to anybody) be entirely out of my interest and desire to become a party organizer even if for some unknown reason I should be asked to or be competent of accepting the position.—G. Russell Boucher, Ottawa.

Oh, Well, It's 50 Years Away

Mr. Holt is quite correct (Mailbag, Feb. 15); Jan. 1, 2000, falls on a Saturday. (An editor's note made it a Sunday.) You were probably thinking of the fact that the year 2000 is a leap year (divisible by 400); but the additional day comes at the end of February, and does not affect Jan. 1.—R. Meldrum Stewart, Ottawa.

• Does Vancouver's observant writer win his wager?—Robert Lewis and R. W. Kleenan, Toronto.

Yes. He may have the day off on Monday, Jan. 3, 2000.—The Editors.

Old Copies Wanted

I should like to ask if any of your readers could spare some of their discarded copies of your magazine. They would be of great interest to the members of the Youth Club of this village and would give us a better knowledge and understanding of your country.—W. T. Hill, "Old Thatch," The Avenue, Great Ten, Oxford, England.

One Big Union

In regard to the U. S. in Newfoundland I agree with you ("Where the Yanks Rule Part of Canada," Nov. 15). It is shocking. Why don't Canada and the United States become one country and do away with the shock?—H. A. Traxler, Finmore, B.C.

No Copy of Churchill

Having read the article under the heading of "Hot Water Skipper" (October 15) there is one item in it, to which, I think, I am entitled to take objection, as it concerns myself.

I refer to the part where you say, "Who has been decked out in a uniform similar to Churchill's wartime naval uniform (complete with a cigar)." This statement I would like to repudiate, for I have worn a similar uniform to the one I was wearing since 1920 when first I was given command of a ship.

I suppose I should feel highly honored by a similarity to so great a

statesman as the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, but in your article, in my opinion, it seems that you have put me on a par with a puppet, dressed up for the part, and to this I strongly object.—C. H. Burch, St. Lambert, Que.

Maclean's regrets an unintended slight on Capt. Burch of the Saguenay cruise ship Quebec.—The Editors.

Picture for the UN?

On page 13 of your Jan. 15 issue there was a picture. I have wondered the advisability of asking you for the negative if possible, to have it enlarged and forwarded to the United Nations conference rooms. It was a picture of an American pianist, a Frenchman, Briton and Russian at a singsong. Four nationalities in happy harmony. Because they were at play?

I wonder if that picture might not suggest a program of recreational relaxation before the actual world con-



ferences. Should we try each other out as playfellows before we take it for granted that we are opponents?

Already I have used the picture with definite telling effect on my Sunday school class. As one little surprised boy remarked: "But I thought we were goin' to fight the Russians."—Mrs. Melba Croft, Owen Sound, Ont.

More About Little Willie

I was interested in the revival of Little Willie ("Murder in the Nursery," Nov. 15) for I once added to the saga of Little Willie myself. My account of the disaster was as follows:

Little Willie fell into the churner, and was churned, Worse indeed than being burned, For upon our bread we spread Little Willie's curly head.—Mrs. John Coulter, Toronto.

NEXT ISSUE

CANADIAN DEFIES SECRET POLICE IN SEARCH FOR HIS SOVIET WIFE

A year ago Leslie Roberts, the Montreal author who wrote "Rendezvous in Riga," the thriller starting in our next issue, was in Russia collecting material for his book, "Home From The Cold War." That is why this new two-part adventure-romance crackles with the authentic tenseness of a news flash while it unfolds a tender love story against a background of gripping intrigue and excitement. This story has the fresh excitement of today's headlines.

April 15 Issue On Sale at Your Newsstand April 12



ANOUC
Young People, It Turns Out
Have Young Ideas



On a major issue, the public of the films is clearly split. Younger and newer entertainment-seekers want new and younger stars. Established picturegoers are strong for new ideas but for old favorites.

★ ★ ★

Out of Tunisia via London comes an outdoor melodrama, **GOLDEN SALAMANDER**, with a neat answer to this problem if it is a problem. It has that top favorite and top actor, Trevor Howard, co-starred with a teen-age discovery, Anouk, described by Monica Mugan in "Photoplay" as "completely French, completely captivating"

★ ★ ★

New ideas—new ideas in comedy, that is—are responsible for a current Canadian box-office race which, starting back in January, now verges on the fantastic.

★ ★ ★

After **PASSPORT TO PIMLICO** which launched the trend, four smooth and highly original dramas of great laughter have altered the whole present picture of the motion picture business. These are: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, **CHILTERN HUNDREDS**, **KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS**, and **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY**

★ ★ ★

What may have looked like Scotland Yard's biggest raid was merely a case of London's sleuths going to the cinema like everybody else. The picture was **THE BLUE LAMP**, a very solid murder melodrama, produced with police aid including facts from secret files. A startling departure—the hero is the cop on the beat.

★ ★ ★

This must be the month for melodrama. **TRAIN OF EVENTS**, with a non-stop timetable of excitement, has a Liverpool express crash climax.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films,
ask for the playdates at your local Theatre

An  Release

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 2

equipment Canada wants. Britons said, "We can make it all right," but they haven't actually shown any to the CBC. The firm which has a Canadian branch plant happens to be one which has never made a TV transmitter.

Transmitters alone represent less than half the outlay for a new TV station. The CBC says it is still wide open to British offers of ancillary gear. CBC engineers are still frankly prejudiced in favor of the U. S. product—one CBC technician told a Briton privately, "We shan't buy your equipment unless we're forced to do so, and if we are it will be a great pity." But pressure from the top is now a lot stiffer than it was; British bids will at least get the most serious consideration.

★ ★ ★

Nominally they were just annual meetings of provincial Progressive Conservative associations; actually, miniature political conventions in 10 provinces have set the party on a new tack. George Drew is practicing what he has always preached—giving the lead in organization to the provinces.

During the six years of John Bracken's leadership efforts were made to rebuild the party organization, but the work was largely carried on from Ottawa. Progressive Conservatives were inactive provincially, except in George Drew's Ontario. Nova Scotia had no PC leader for several years; Quebec's federal Conservatives were *Union Nationale* at home; Manitoba and British Columbia were tied up in coalitions with the Grits. In Saskatchewan the Tories were independent but invisible; in Alberta they deliberately withdrew from provincial politics and gave tacit support, in the 1948 campaign, to Social Credit.

Whether all these conditions are now to be changed each province must decide for itself. Alberta PC's, at a convention last month which Drew attended, decided to come back into the provincial arena. Quebec will still be *Union Nationale*, of course, but the federal-provincial link is now strong and acknowledged on both sides. In Manitoba the coalition is still operating, but the local PC's are increasingly restive—Winnipeggers say the rank and file would like to pull out and only the Progressive Conservative ministers in Premier Campbell's Cabinet now want to stay in.

George Drew has no intention of trying to dictate to the provincial organizations what they shall do about



"... There is so much to say ...
Continued in cream bottle."

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Vinylite GARDEN HOSE

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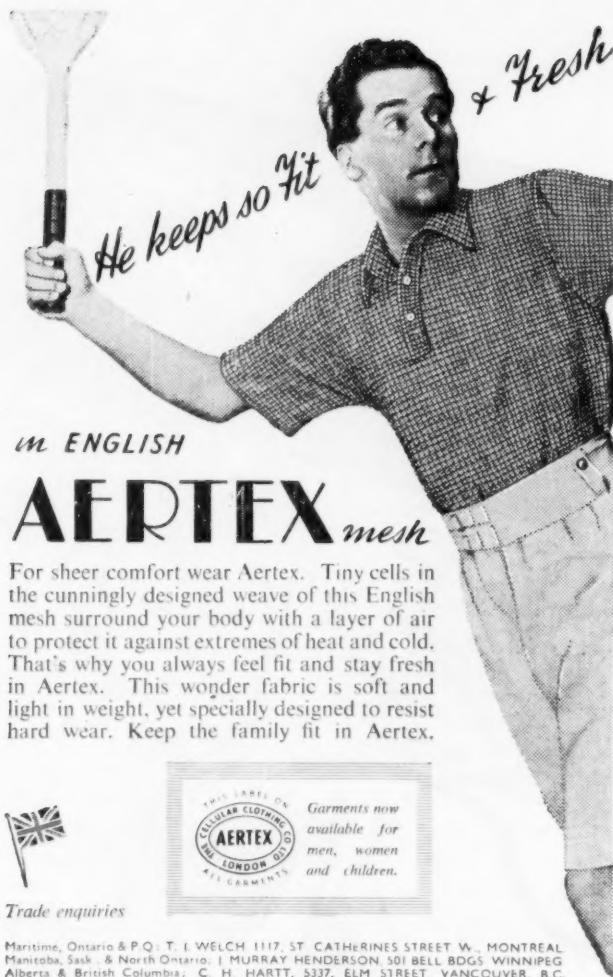
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by BARBER-ELLIS



"Five hundred and ten! You know... I got a feeling you left the for'ard gate down!"

these ticklish decisions but he is clear on one thing: Coalesced or not, the backbone of PC organization is to be provincial. Ottawa headquarters, reduced to a skeleton staff since Dick Bell resigned as national director last fall, will remain a small compact machine whose main duty will be to help the PC parliamentary group in day-to-day formation of federal policy and provide an information service to the provincial battalions.

Does the appointment of a new Combines Investigation Commissioner mean an early revision of the Combines Act?

So far as can be learned here the answer is "Not necessarily." No such decision has yet been made; it will await the recommendation of the new commissioner himself.

Commissioner Fred McGregor, who resigned over the flour-milling report, was satisfied with the Combines Act as it stands and very suspicious of any basic amendment to it. The Cabinet was not convinced McGregor was right. This led hopeful businessmen to infer that McGregor's resignation portended a new and less stringent Combines Act.

The inference is premature. The Cabinet's argument with McGregor was over the particular case of the flour-milling industry, not about trust busting in general. Several ministers are uneasy about the present Combines Act but none of them, least of all

Minister of Justice Stuart Garson whose responsibility it is, has reached any firm conclusion about changing it.

Appointment of a new commissioner will mean, though, that the basic question will be thoroughly studied. The commissioner is not needed on the routine work of the Combines Investigation Commission, which has been rolling on without a hitch since Fred McGregor retired. Prosecutions have been prepared against the industries, other than flour milling, on which McGregor completed investigations before he retired. Two other enquiries were actually under way when McGregor quit; they've gone on under Deputy Commissioner Ab Whitely. The Combines staff of 16 officials has been as busy as usual doing the usual things and is quite capable of going on for months yet under its own momentum.

It's generally supposed, therefore, that the new commissioner's first assignment will be not to pick up the threads of routine in the Combines office, but to examine and report on the whole problem of trust busting in the 1950's. Can it really be done effectively? Are the basic assumptions of the present act, now nearly 30 years old, still valid?

Garson himself has no preconceived notions about the answers to these questions. His record in Manitoba indicates that he prefers to pick out a good man, then give that man a free hand and lots of backing. ★

NEXT ISSUE

EXERCISE IS THE BUNK

Don't bother to get up — just lie there and relax while you read this story by Morton Hunt, who has studied the whole business of exercise and has brought back the comforting word that it is highly overrated. It not only doesn't do you any good most of the time, but it can do you harm. Walk, don't run, to your newsstand when this issue of Maclean's goes on sale April 12 to get the lowdown on touching your toes.

In the Editors' Confidence

EDNA STAEBLER, who contributed the article about the Old Order Mennonites on pages 14 and 15, told us when asked for a photograph that she didn't like having her picture taken. "Here is the latest one," she said in a note accompanying the picture reproduced here. "It was taken four years ago when I wasn't looking. The picture is flattering and no one recognizes me."

Typewriters don't bother her nearly as much as cameras, apparently, and when we asked her about herself she wrote: "My parents—Mr. and Mrs. John G. Cress—produced me in Kitchener when it was Berlin. (Or should I admit that?) When I was very young I used to visit cousins in the village of St. Jacobs where I had to learn to speak Pennsylvania Dutch or be deprived of the adventure of catching pollywogs in the Conestoga River with children who spoke English only in school. Everywhere else Dutchness was laughed at and I aggressively forgot it—especially when I went to Varsity and joined a fraternity.

"After I graduated I worked in a library, in a bank, a newspaper office. I taught in Ingersoll Collegiate for a year, was fired. I operated my late father's spring factory till I sold it because I was too busy by that time getting meals for F. Keith Staebler and myself as well as planning and building a house, braiding a living room rug (10'x15'), making my clothes, knitting, playing with our dog and talking a lot.

"In the Kitchener Little Theatre I acted and wrote one-act plays, I ran around for Women's Voluntary Service during the war, entertained strange people, was president of the Canadian and University Women's Clubs. I'm still on the Kitchener Public Library Board as chairman.

"Four years ago I fell in love with Cape Breton and started to write a book about it. To convince my friends and relations that I wasn't crazy because I sat in front of a typewriter instead of



For Edna Staebler, pollywogs in the Conestoga talked only Dutch.

going to afternoon teas I rewrote a few paragraphs and sent them to magazines as poetry. Some were rejected but a couple of them sold. I wrote an article on sword-fishing and Maclean's published it in the issue of July 15, 1948. My book has been resting for a year.

"I have a male cat named Minnie, my husband sells insurance and has played the piano part of Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue' at a Kitchener Symphony Orchestra concert. He has hundreds of friends and our house on Simeon Street is usually alive with them and the neighbors' children."

●Ken Bell, who took the striking photograph of Foster Hewitt on page 9, has almost completed the big job of sorting the more than 1,000 photographs he took for Maclean's last summer on a trip to Europe. A selection of these, which retraced pictorially the route of the Canadian Army from the Normandy beaches to Germany, were published in Maclean's of Sept. 1, 1949.

Bell received so many letters from veterans requesting prints of familiar scenes that he considered the idea of collecting some of the pictures in book form. When his fan mail brought a letter from a publisher who shared the idea he went to work in earnest and has almost completed the task of sorting and assembling the photographs into layouts.



WILLIAM WINTER told us he enjoyed painting this cover because "it's a great sensation to soar high above the treetops, build houses then paint them any color I like and even paint myself into the picture." He didn't say which of the spring-cleaning husbands was modeled after the artist and the best we can do by way of guess is to say with authority that the man on the ladder is not Bill Winter. Not enough hair. Could be the fellow lower right. He holds that spade like a painter.



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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A FREIGHT train pulled into Atikokan, on the CNR line between Port Arthur and Rainy River, and had to wait there until a passenger train pulled out. A young brakeman from the freight ducked into the station lunch counter for a bite to eat but, of course, the place was jammed with people off the train that was holding him up.

The brakeman turned defeated toward the door, then swung around again with revolt showing clearly on his face. These passengers had been lounging snugly in a coach all morning while he had been slithering on and off ice-laden boxcars. And bellowing "All aboard!" in his most realistic tones he patiently fended off the panic rush of passengers and calmly took his place at the deserted counter.

Can't help it if we didn't hear about it until the greeting-card counters were dusting off their Easter displays, we still like the story of the Alberta farmer seen doggedly slapping stamps on a huge stack of Christmas cards in an Edmonton post office one cold December day. "Missus stuck you with the licking, eh?" grinned a fellow sufferer.

"Nope—got no wife," returned the young rancher. "Got no cards, either. I just picked up this lady on the highway waiting for the bus, and gave her a lift to town. Then I find she's left these cards in the back seat—addressed, sealed and no return address. I can't just chuck 'em away . . ."

Cost him 43 stamps, all threes and fours.

Summerside's new dial-telephone system is the first in P. E. I. and citizens are still chuckling at the story of the telephone company employee who had to phone every-



body in town the day of the switch-over from the manual exchange. When installed, the dials on the new phones had been tied with a bit of cord so subscribers wouldn't use them until the automatic equipment was all set to go.

That was the telephone man's job—tell everybody to cut the cord and start using the dial any time; but he was troubled when in one case

he had no sooner told the woman who answered that the line went dead. Appalled to have the new system break down so quickly he sent a trouble car rushing right out to the subscriber's home.

The repair crew found she'd cut the cord, all right—snipped it right off where it entered the little box on the wall.

Fellow from Wiarton, Ont., saw a fine example of the kind-heartedness of city folks a while back. He saw an elderly woman crossing a busy Toronto intersection suddenly stop and grab at her throat. As a cascade of pearls tumbled to the pavement one of the city's smartly dressed streetcar guides stepped off the curb



and helped pick them up. Soon a hustling businessman stopped, then a woman shopper; in no time eight or 10 people had their noses helpfully bent to the gutter and a policeman had stepped over to direct traffic around the little band of helpers.

Noting the baffled expression on the face of the woman as she held out her cupped hands, saying "thank you," "thank you," the Wiarton man waited till the helpers had gone and helped her count her loot: 1 streetcar ticket, 3 buttons, 2 coppers, 1 lead pencil, 2 elastic bands, 1 laundry ticket, 1 crumpled snapshot, 12 pipe cleaners, 1 four-inch spike and 2 nails. Oh yes—and most of her pearls.

Despite the heavy security curtain strung along the Rockies, word has seeped through to points east that the snow normally intended for Ontario ended up on the coast for the second year in a row. We've heard of a Victoria youngster, gleefully watching the pretty snowflakes from his living room window, who doubled up with laughter at sight of a retired rancher who had come well-prepared from the Prairies. As he bucked the gale in a bearcoat, ski cap and earmuffs, the watching five-year-old whooped to his mother, "That man had a cap and mittens and besides that he was wearing hubcaps."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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